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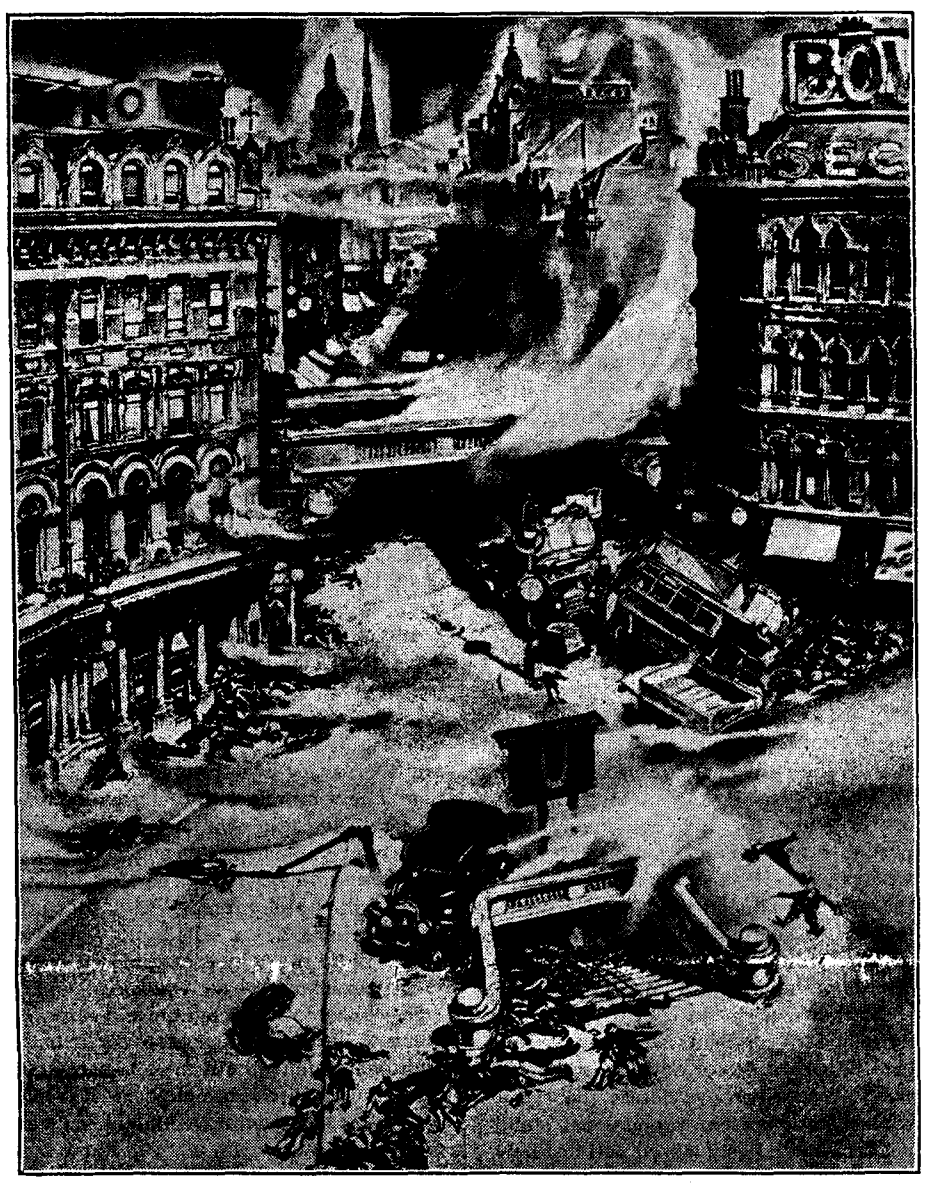
The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

VOLUME X — NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 9, 1933 — NUMBER 8



THE NEXT WORLD WAR

A German artist's projection of a poison gas attack on London, from the Berliner Illustrierte Zeitung

A Magnificent Pirate

CECIL RHODES. By Sarah Gertrude Millin. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1933. $3.75.

Reviewed by CHARLES ROLAND

THE British Empire, which consists largely of Shakespeare, Chaucer, and Shelley, to cite a few of one's major predilections, comprises also certain vast dominions set strategically over the globe. There are persons of unaccountable taste who would not trade a line of Robert Burns for seven hundred thousand square miles anywhere (the size of Rhodesia, incidentally). The matter of choice is an academic one, for Britain has been doubly blessed; she has bred amply both poets and pirates—pirates in the better sense of the word. The empire has its magnificent poetry, and its acres, too.

Noting this phenomenon, we inquire whether England's high destiny creates heroes, or, *per contra*, it is her heroes who have fashioned the empire. With respect to Cecil John Rhodes, disregarding the historical implications, we cannot help but rank him in the former group, notwithstanding the free use by his biographers of contrasts with Cæsar, Alexander, Napoleon. (Rhodes had twenty biographies of Bonaparte in his library.) Britain owes a huge debt to Rhodes, but she was fated to gain dominion over South Africa in any case. Rhodes was an instrumentality, not an inevitable man. He ranks with second, even third rate figures, Crœsus, for example, or more recently, Carnegie, or the Theodore Roosevelt of Panama Canal fame.

That no woman ever loomed in his life we may not charge against him, but he had a brittle personality, despite his gargantuan acquisitive instincts, that lacked imaginative appeal. Our regret is that he was not a more swashbuckling, a more poetical pirate. It is characteristic that the highlight of Sarah Gertrude Millin's life should center about the Jameson raid, in which Rhodes lurked furtively on the sidelines. Mrs. Millin's recital of the raid constitutes a superb piece of buoyant writing that might well be extracted from

(*Continued on page* 91)

You Spoke

By GILBERT MAXWELL

YOU spoke, and all the forces that arouse
A mortal fear stood marshalled in my breast;
The heart within its barricaded house
Lay gasping at the lie your lips confessed.
Incredible that one disastrous word
Should so impel the footsteps of that doom
As heretofore but far and dimly heard,
To seek this place and storm its farthest room. . . .
I knew of old the hand which is most kind
Is fashioned best to deal the fiercest blow,
Yet being here so cornered, so maligned
By one who is appeased to see me so,
I cannot move, I can but sit and stare
Stricken to see you stand triumphant there.

H.G. Wells's Internationalism*

BY LAWRENCE DENNIS

A PHRASE is often a useful, even if not always a faultless, label for a social philosophy. The world-view of Mr. Wells may be conveniently described as a humane and relatively equalitarian internationalism, which will be content with nothing less than Utopia in one or two generations. His new book ushers in Utopia before the end of the present century, after some forty years of the decline and fall of capitalism now becoming manifest. A clear notion of some of the qualities inherent in any scheme of ethics, esthetics, or social mechanics which may be called international is essential to an understanding of Mr. Wells, whose principal contribution to present-day thought is rather definitely articulated social philosophy of internationalism.

To have any value as a label, the term internationalism must be more than an epithet applied to anything one may like or dislike in a given field of human ideas and ways. Of internationalisms, whether considered as systems of thought or social organization, history affords abundant examples. And there are just as many examples of systems which may be called the opposite of internationalism. Alexander the Great, Cæsar, Jesus, Paul, Mahomet, Charlemagne, Adam Smith, Napoleon, Karl Marx, and Woodrow Wilson were all great internationalists,—as well as Mr. Wells. The empires (political systems) and religions (ethical systems) of the historical figures just named were characteristically international.

On the other hand, cults like Judaism, Calvinism, or Hitlerism, and many political entities like present-day United States or Germany are definitely stamped with a character which may fairly be termed anti-international. These religions have been cults of individuals who believed themselves predestined by a partial deity to eternal salvation in contrast with that more numerous horde of fellow men foredoomed by the same deity to eternal damnation. These social ideologies have been affairs of a "peculiar" or "chosen people," designated, usually by God, or sometimes by their own strong right arms, to rule over those ordained to be "hewers of wood and drawers of water." (The complete ideology of Hitlerism can be found in the Old Testament.) The United States denies citizenship to orientals and in some districts virtually disfranchises negroes while Germany does the same things to the Jews. The ideology of race prejudice and extreme nationalism is about the same everywhere. When the victims of race prejudice happen to belong to a race having great wealth and power, the persecution is made to appear much more unethical than when its victims are Chinese, Hindus or American negroes.

Cults of racial or group exclusivism reject the notion of a common and equal fellowship of all men in one faith, one folk culture, or one political organization. Jesus, Mahomet, and Marx, on the other hand, enjoined their disciples to go into all the world and preach their respective gospels with a view to bringing all mankind into one common fold. Cæsar and Napoleon aspired to bring all men under one imperium. The fact that under the Roman Empire there existed glaring inequalities of power and privilege as between persons does not impair the fundamental universalism of the Roman ideal of empire. Roman nobles, let it be remembered, just like oriental princes, often made their children by foreign slave women their heirs. Such an act would be repugnant to all good Jewish and Anglo-Saxon mores of racial exclusivism. There was comparatively little race exclusivism in ancient Rome. Moses and Hitler, on the other hand, stand for race purity, mythical though it has always been, and they prescribe an exclusivism of race and cult.

Defining internationalism as universalism contrasted with individualism, the shining virtue of Judaic and Protestant civilizations, and classifying Mr. Wells as an internationalist should be but the first steps in any attempt to appreciate his social philosophy. The fundamental question around which a critique of the Wellsian social philosophy should turn seems to me to be that of whether it is intellectually tenable as a system. I assume that a critic can find a system of thought or politics intellectually tenable even though he may not like it. And, it seems to me that before one makes up one's mind as to whether one cares for a given Utopia, one should first consider whether the proposed scheme of things is intellectually tenable in the light of one's present knowledge.

The latest statement of Mr. Wells's internationalism found in "The Shape of Things to Come," the dream book of Dr. Raven, has many merits from the point of view of tenability as a hypothesis of a future world order. For one thing it is in step with the collectivistic and revolutionary tendencies everywhere manifest in social developments, though, I fear, the hypothesis does not follow closely enough the recent trend of science away from absolutism or dogmatic certainty towards greater relativity and towards the feeling that ultimates are to be found only in

* *THE SHAPE OF THINGS TO COME. By H. G. Wells. New York: The Macmillan Company.* 1933. $2.50.

This Week

AFRIKANDER
By DENEYS REITZ
Reviewed by Arthur Ruhl

THE PEOPLE'S CHOICE
By HERBERT AGAR
Reviewed by John Chamberlain

HEAR, YE SONS
By IRVING FINEMAN
Reviewed by Joseph Gollomb

NIGHT OVER FITCH'S POND
By CORA JARRETT
Reviewed by Alvah C. Bessie

WONDER HERO
By J. B. PRIESTLEY
Reviewed by Edward Cornelius

OLD GIMLET EYE
By LOWELL THOMAS
Reviewed by Thomas Boyd

THE MIRRORS OF WALL STREET
Reviewed by Ralph West Robey

SHAKESPEARE CELEBRATION
By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

Next Week or Later

THE SWAY OF AN OLD ATTITUDE
By GUSTAVUS MYERS

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metaphysics or religion—not in the methodology of scientific investigation. For me the outstanding virtue of Mr. Wells's dream of a world state, purely as a matter of intellectual honesty, is its consistent universalism and bold repudiation of individualism and race or group exclusivism. The weakness of most current brands of liberalism and pacifism is an ill-concealed wish to enjoy peace on a basis of preferred treatment for certain nations, races, and economic groups, of which our ardent liberals are invariably high ranking members. To expect perennial peace with special privileges for one's own group is to expect members of the other group to be perpetual suckers, which, to my mind, is an untenable expectation.

Mr. Wells has grown. In 1910 "The New Machiavelli" "meant to leave England and the Empire better ordered than" he "found it, to organize and discipline, to build up a constructive and controlling state out of his world's confusions." Dr. Raven's dream of 1933 envisions the ideal of a Modern World State constituting "one single human community organized for collective service to the common weal." This state is to emerge from the Second Conference of Basra in 1978 and will mark the end of the long Age of Frustration started by the late war and now just getting into its stride. Progress stops in 1933 and the dark decades of the middle twentieth century begin. Closed systems of economic nationalism will reduce the world's population by a fourth, bring down living standards to eighteenth century or bare subsistence levels, and turn our great cities into abandoned ruins. The use of electricity will wane with the increasing difficulties of obtaining rubber and other essential materials, due to the suppression of foreign trade. Of course, Mr. Wells's supposition of an extinct foreign trade under a series of closed national economies is not altogether fair to the teaching of most systems of economic nationalism.

Mr. Wells's dream is thoroughly revolutionary and not one of a restored, recovered, or improved social order. He is

tions of the present order. And, interestingly enough, though he is a harsh critic of Mussolini and Hitler, Mr. Wells, perhaps unconsciously, is travelling along the same ideological paths with the world's four great nationalist dictators, Mussolini, Stalin, Hitler, and Roosevelt (I name them in order of seniority) towards authoritarian absolutism and away from freedom of individual thought and initiative. This fact about Mr. Wells makes him relevant to today in questions about which most liberals are now anachronisms. De Windth, born in 1942 and later the Plato or Marx of Mr. Wells's new World State, writes in "Social Nucleation:"

> About most affairs there can be no two respectable and antagonistic opinions. It is nonsense to pretend there can be. There is one sole right way and there are endless wrong ways of doing things. A government is trying to go the right way or it is criminal. Sabotage must cease.

A somewhat theological casuistry explains the difference between criticism, which is encouraged, and obstruction, which is not tolerated.

The creation of the new world state will be the work of intellectual revolutionaries in the sixties and seventies, following the thirty year Hoover slump and the long period of feckless European wars attended by a general decline of Western civilization. The new order will not be established without bloodshed and violence, but it will be worth the price.

Education or intellect may be called the keystone of the new world state. Education will permit men everywhere to obtain the right answer to every important social question. The result will be a millennium in which the coercive functions of government will be reduced to an almost imperceptible minimum. Eventually coercion will only need to be applied to the few pathological cases which may crop out in spite of the best eugenic safeguards.

The world paradise of the next century is made the more appealing by reason of the contrast in which it stands with the overdrawn picture of chaos since 1914 and on through the present Age of Frustration. During the dark period just ahead of us we shall see America in liquidation, Europe in disastrous war, and civilization in decay. And it goes without saying that Mr. Wells's wit, imagination, and information have enabled him to draw a plausible picture both of present and coming chaos and of the culminating Utopia of the end of the present century. All struggle for existence and all war will have been banished. Technology in combination with an ever enlarging range of available natural resources will surfeit men with ease and abundance, while an ever ascendant intellectualism will lead man on and upward to higher cultural levels. Mr. Wells, no doubt, recognizes that most people today are not conditioned to crave his Utopia and that it must be a part of the work of the revolutionary intellectuals not only to prepare for and usher in the millennium, but also to make mankind like it. And I am inclined to believe that it is an intellectually tenable hypothesis that people can be made to like almost anything, given adequate supremacy and technique of their rulers. What is more doubtful is that Mr. Wells's type of scientific intellectuals will ever be able or disposed to

MR. H. G. WELLS

YOUNG SELF: "Did you ever manage to articulate the bones of that microglamaphoid lizard?"

OLD SELF: "I'm not sure. But I've articulated the whole past of mankind on this planet—and the whole future, too."

(From Max Beerbohm's "Observations," Heinemann.)

employ the methods necessary for the inauguration of a new order.

An excessive emotional repugnance to war and a consequent over-emphasis of its horrors constitute the major weakness of Mr. Wells's thesis. He wastes too much time ringing the changes on the undisputed horrors of war. And he does not give enough thoughtful study to the manifold social functions of war as one of the oldest of human institutions, or to killing a foreign enemy and dying for one's country as resultants of the basic drives inhuman personality often described as sadism and masochism, respectively. To Mr. Wells, as to most pacifists, war is a devil to be depicted (with horns), damned, and cast out. He therefore fails to bring the full resources of his fine mind and rich erudition to the elementary problem of finding substitutes for war. Mr. Wells, of course, develops the obvious substitutes of social welfare to replace war as a consumer of human energy and as a stimulant to technical progress, but he neglects the quest of a substitute for war as a motivator of human activity. It is easy for him to show the how and why of producing for welfare what is produced for war. It is another problem, and one which he avoids, how to create the will for welfare to replace the will for war. The Sermon on the Mount is probably a better attack on this problem than all the outlines of science ever written. The failure of intellectual pacifism is inevitable if it takes the view that war is a form of insanity or a manifestation of crass ignorance. Liberal moralists seem not to realize that as a technique of reform or revolution, it is of little use calling conduct one does not approve of insane. Nor do such moralists usually recognize the fallacy of attributing to ignorance such widespread and fundamental types of behavior as war.

Moreover, an error common to this school of critics of war is that of taking it for granted that, under progressing technology and advancing scientific knowledge, war is doomed to grow more and more terrible until it becomes impossible and more and more absurd until it becomes unthinkable as a type of behavior. Holding this erroneous, or certainly unproved, view, Mr. Wells has a great time describing the past horrors and imagining the future terrors of war. There is, in my opinion, no evidence so far that war was any more terrible qualitatively in 1914-1918 than it was in earlier times. I know I should prefer the lot of the wounded in the late war to that of the wounded in any previous war. As for getting killed, this experience strikes me as having a rather timeless quality, depending more on one's personal philosophy than on the technique or instruments of its accomplishment. And I should prefer the living conditions of the average citizen in beleaguered Germany of 1918 to the living conditions of the average citizen of any country at war or peace during the Middle Ages.

If war can be considered quantitatively, and our modern social scientists seem to think that every social phenomenon is susceptible of quantitative measurement, war in modern times may well appear more impressive, or more awe-inspiring than it was in earlier times. If, however, fighting, as a quantity, be susceptible of measurement, I am sure that the magnitude of such experiences will be found greater in relation to the population in the Middle Ages than in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. War as an event is quantitatively more impressive in the twentieth than in the fifteenth or fifth century, and for two obvious reasons: first, the number of men in the world who can fight in the twentieth century is three to four times what it was in the fif-

nowadays. Secondly, in ancient and medieval times war went on all the time instead of occasionally. Before the rise of wicked nationalisms, professional standing armies, and centralized political powers, following the Protestant Reformation, every gentlemen was by definition a warrior, or knight, who had constantly to defend his home and family with his own arms. If one went on a journey, one embarked on a military adventure in which fighting was a usual incident. The rise of nationalism and professional militarism has given us long periods of peace, law, and order. During these truces or intervals between formal fighting between organized groups, trade and intercourse between nations and communities are possible as they never were in the Middle Ages or ancient times. Now we have fewer and bigger wars, but there is no reason to suppose that we have more fighting experience per capita than our ancestors had in the Middle Ages.

Qualitatively, war seems more impressive and more terrible to many people today. But here it must be remembered that the quality of most technical performances by human beings is more impressive today that the quality of similar performances appears to us to have been a hundred or a thousand years ago. But we must remember that our impression of the quality of present acts is derived from a different sort of experience from that from which we have our impression of acts performed a thousand years ago. In other words we see the battle of today and read about the battles of Crécy or Marathon. And one is likely to be more impressed by what one sees than by what one merely reads about.

Those who stress the contributions of modern technology to the terrors of present-day war usually fail to take account at the same time of the compensating contributions of the same technology to human comfort and welfare during modern wars. And they overlook the historical fact that war has been responsible for the mobilization of the full resources of will, technology, and nature to the advancement of the welfare of one's own people as well as to the extinction of their enemies. They also fail to recognize the equally historical fact that the motivations of peace have displayed less power of mass impulsion and less concern over groups, as contrasted with individual, interests than motivations of war. War has to be conducted as a social and not an individualistic enterprise. Rugged individualists get rich as peaceful traders. Practising rugged individualism as combatants against collectivized forces, the rugged individualists, who are the pride of peaceful trade, would all get killed.

If one man can kill with machinery ten or a hundred times as many people today as he could five hundred years ago without such machines, one man can, with the aid of the same technology, today save from death or suffering by hunger, disease, or natural forces ten or a hundred times as many people as he could five hundred years ago. Better hygiene and accident prevention could save over a million lives a year in this country. If we were at war and losing a few hundred thousand lives a year in battle, we should undoubtedly take humane measures to save far more lives than those lost. And thus we might very well increase our population faster during a war than at present, for the simple reason that many lives would be saved that are now not considered worth saving, especially among the young. Moreover, if we were at war we should mobilize our full productive equipment and no doubt raise the standard of living of the entire people while producing a great quantity of goods for destruction in war. The output of the 15,000,000 now unemployed, after being put back to work, if divided equally between war uses and the raising of our standard of living, would certainly constitute a great contribution to the sum of human happiness in this country. Perhaps this additional happiness would be offset by the unhappiness of the killed and wounded in battle. But

ment to millions, otherwise condemned by human unimaginativeness to perpetual unemployment in times of peace. It is idle to say that the unemployed might be given peace-time jobs, when we well know that certain human attitudes make this impossible and when we know that such attitudes have never been changed except by a militant crusade of nationalism, communism, Christianity, or some other fighting religion. The British standard of living rose about twelve per cent during and as a result of the World War. And living standards of the masses in all the belligerent countries tended to rise as a result of war demand for labor.

I am not arguing in favor of modern war. I have merely attempted to show that Mr. Wells, along with many other similar minded social philosophers, seeks to establish the following non-sequiturs about war: First, that because wars, viewed as individual events, are now bigger and appear more impressive, war is now more terrible as a human way of behavior. And, second, that because of the growing bigness and impressiveness of war, as a sporadically occurring event, war must soon eradicate itself.

Mr. Wells connects with his vision of the final suicide of Mars, the rise of an intellectualism of peace and the wane of an emotionalism of war. This philosophy makes many suppositions which are being increasingly challenged by modern science. Some of the questions raised by Mr. Wells's assumptions are these: Are the emotions and the intellect separately functioning springs of human action? (Why, for instance, associate peace with intellectualism and war with emotionalism?) Why call Hitlerism a phenomenon of the emotions and scholasticism a phenomenon of the intellect? Why are not what we call intellect and emotions merely different phases of the same entity some of us know as human personality? Are there any such things as scientific certainties according to which a Utopia can be un-

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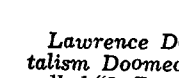
erringly guided? Can education ever produce uniform minds that will always reach the same right social conclusions from given material? Can science ever furnish investigators at one time all the relevant facts about any given social problem? Is truth absolute or relative?

The problem of future peace is doubtless one of obtaining acceptance for certain religious values or ultimates which will make war and other unlovely types of human behavior impossible or, at least, exceptional events. Mr. Wells thinks he has found these values in the discipline of a certain type of scientific intellectualism. I cannot say that the hypothesis is untenable. I can only say that it is as yet unproved and that it runs counter to many indications of present-day scientific investigation.

Too much credit, however, cannot be given to Mr. Wells for the high quality of his universalism. On this score his internationalism is a thoroughly tenable hypothesis. On the same score, the internationalism of Queen Victoria's British Empire now seems untenable. It was less universal than the internationalism of ancient Rome or Moslem Constantinople. The "lesser breeds" were always to remain without the pale of Westminster, and there is good reason to believe that the so-called "lesser breeds" must sooner or later have their day. It is, of course, a perfectly tenable doctrine that British liberals or German supermen are destined to rule over other peoples, but it is an insult to any one's intelligence to be told that the fulfilment of such an imperialistic mission can ever be compatible with world peace. Unlike most Nordic liberals, Mr. Wells proclaims no such hypocritical nonsense. The internationalism of free trade, once a liberal dream, is now a nightmare of world trade competition from which free trade England is frantically trying to emerge. Men the world over can chant to the same God the same incantations in the same types of church or mosque. They may, for all we know, be able some day to thrill to the same emotion that stirs Mr. Wells. But we can be sure, as is Mr. Wells, that they cannot everywhere operate successfully modern technology in capitalist trade competition according to the liberal economist's dream. The idea of universal brotherhood and fellowship on a basis of equality of race, if there be such a thing as race, and equality of group is not only a tenable but a noble hypothesis. Likewise the notion that men may accept the full implications of this concept as a binding ethic or religious ultimate seems not unthinkable. At any rate, it can do no harm for Anglo-Saxon peoples to envision a Utopia which rejects the exclusiveness of race, religion, group, and culture by nineteenth century liberals. Such a Utopia is the dream of Mr. Wells for the closing decades of the twentieth century.



Lawrence Dennis, author of "Is Capitalism Doomed?" is at work on a book called "Is Fascism Next?"

Social Formula

TRIOPOLY OR CLASS WAR. By Robert Segal. New York: Duffield & Green. 1933. $2.

MR. SEGAL, of Segal Lock fame, has locked horns with the dilemma or rather trilemma of social struggle, and has come to the conclusion that in order to reconcile the interests of employer, employee, and consumer, society must boldly recognize the present trend toward monopoly as the dominant and unavoidable feature of industrial development, issue a franchise to it embodying the rights and duties of all parties concerned, and call the arrangement a triopoly. The proposed system is recommended as a method of eliminating the element of risk from economic effort by assuring profits to the entrepreneurs, a living wage to the workers, and reasonable costs to the public. It is obvious, however, that triopoly has nothing to do with the elimination of class war, so ardently desired by the monopolists. It merely perpetuates in a new form the old distinction between those who buy labor power and those who must sell it. It is a new legal formula for the status quo.

A Man Without Nerves

AFRIKANDER. By Deneys Reitz. New York: Minton, Balch & Co. 1933. $3.

Reviewed by ARTHUR RUHL

COLONEL REITZ'S reminiscences begin with the end of the Boer War, in 1902, when young Reitz and his father—the latter, Secretary of State for the Transvaal Republic under President Kruger — and his brother, Arend, refused to accept the terms of the treaty of Vereeniging, and were deported by the British High Commisioner, Sir Alfred Milner. (The years immediately preceding have already been covered in his book "Commando.") They end with the end of the Great War, in occupied Germany and in London, with this hard-bitten and capable South African, once Britain's enemy, later twice seriously wounded in her service, now Colonel of a British regiment, the 1st Royal Scots Fusiliers.

The story in between is one of almost continuous action in the literal physical sense of the word; of fighting, scouting, facing danger in all sorts of forms, roughing it in the jungle and at sea, and in the brief interval of comparative peace, taking part in South African politics when an ordinary campaign speech was likely at any moment to turn into a free-for-all fight. It is a man's story, and Colonel Reitz is "a man's man" in the sense that in all this long record women are scarcely mentioned, and never sentimentally—yet any such description may well give a false notion of the humor, quiet charm, and sound value of the book.

A BOER WAR SKETCH BY A CONTEMPORARY ARTIST
From *The Illustrated London News*, 1900

Reitz is as free of any sort of literariness as he seems to have been of nerves. He tells what happened—and goodness knows there was enough—clearly, simply, and to the point, and having done so, goes on at once to the next thing. His "sensibilities" are implicit in the details chosen to set down, never paraded for their own sake. "The night was quiet," he writes in the middle of the great March offensive, "except for the moans of the wounded lying out in the open. There were frequent cries of *'Hilfe, Hilfe, um Gottes Willen Hilfe,'* but as we were obliged to sweep the ground in front of us, most of them must have perished." That is all of that, and the next sentence begins: "The twenty-fourth of March. . . ."

The first half of the book, the South African part, tells of Reitz's roughing it as a refugee in French Madagascar; of the struggle for the South African Union, in which Reitz believed; the Rebellion of 1914, in which he followed his friend, General Smuts, and General Botha, and of the crushing of German power in German West and East Africa.

The American reader will be amused to see how much the Afrikanders seem to have resembled our own cattlemen of the old open range days. There is less of that rather dour, middle-aged type we often associate with the word "Boer" and more humor, fighting for the fun of fighting, and a sort of rough pioneer chivalry. Hostile bands raided each other's horses and cattle and even ranch houses, but there was no destruction for destruction's sake, and a man had no fears for his womanfolk.

The Germans being defeated in South Africa, Reitz went to England and enlisted in the British army. General Smuts heard of it and through the latter's intercession, he was promptly made a Major. Twice he was seriously wounded, and twice he went through the convalescent mill—from dressing-station to base hospital to convalescent hospital in England, and then, after a period of training younger officers, back into the front line again. He was constantly assigned to dangerous raiding and scouting jobs and compared with a large number of his comrades on these expeditions, seems to have borne a charmed life.

He saw and felt every sort of horror, but did not find that the fighting men on either side became the savages that some have seen them. They were simply men doing what they felt had to be done, men doing their duty. Of British military tactics, the Afrikander had no high opinion. "I think they could have fought the war at a fifth of the cost and a fifth of the casualties, but of their stubborn valor, no man who has seen them in days like these, can have a doubt."

With all his coolness and habit of understatement, Reitz seems to have gone to the pains to keep a detailed diary of each day's events, for scarcely otherwise could his unaffected record be so packed with what have the air of being absolutely authentic facts. In its sanity, objectivity, and simple eloquence, this second half of "Afrikander" makes one of the best of the war books.

A Magnificent Pirate

(*Continued from page* 89)

the volume as an independent piece of literature. For those passages alone the book should be widely read, though to be sure much else that is effective will be found.

Her reputation as a novelist is greatly enhanced. The opera bouffe of Jameson's "secret" raid, a plot of which only the enemy possessed all the details, Mrs. Millin sketches with utmost skill and restraint. Facets of her powers not explored in "God's Stepchildren" are here demonstrated; she has suffused the narrative with humorous charm.

Elsewhere she is rather up against it, with a multiplicity of data that must be unraveled in a life of Rhodes. She has accomplished her work lucidly, at a price; the biography is popular and most interesting, but scarcely a definitive one. The fact is, by the time you have fixed Pondoland, Griqualand east and west, Bechuanaland, and Mozambique in your mind, and have travailed through charts, charters, and bond issues, your head is swimming. Diamonds may seal a romance, but its inception comes with the moonlight, or at least, so the poets have it.

Mrs. Millin rejoices in a quip which may not please the academicians. Rhodes, founder of the Rhodes scholarships, could never have qualified to win one himself. At Oxford he was greeted with ill grace; the college which accepted him did so reluctantly; its dean protested, "All the failures are sent to me!" Yet before he was twenty, Rhodes had acquired a fortune in diamonds; he returned from Africa to get his degree; inspired by Ruskin's inaugural lecture, he drew up his first will.

What a will! Rhodes disposes of stupendous millions he has not yet earned. He proposes for Britain sway over the entire world, to end wars, rueing the thought that the planets cannot fall under her jurisdiction. He contemplates a secret society of rich men to control all human destiny. In later years he supplements this document with other wills, all of the same purport. The Rhodes scholarships are intended actually to gain for England the influence of thousands of young men of distinguished promise. Mrs. Millin scans the record after the first generation; it elicits scant comfort for the fruition of his aims.

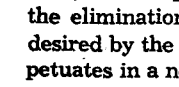
No matter; Rhodes did well enough by himself. Born in a vicarage in a family of twelve (in 1853), and found tubercular at the age of sixteen, Cecil migrated to Natal, where his brother, Herbert, had preceded him. Herbert met a spectacular end; he was burned to death opening a cask of gin which ignited. Cecil succumbed to heart and lung trouble in 1902, two months before the end of the Boer War. He was forty-nine, had been Premier of Cape Colony, managing director of Rhodesia, one of the world's wealthiest men, and, dearest to his heart, had won an honorary degree from Oxford, which similarly honored Kitchener at the same time. Rhodes never forgot that the greater ovation came to him, not to the "professional soldier."

Rhodes had tasted imperial honors, talked on an equal footing with Victoria, transacted business, to his profit, with the German kaiser; but he lived too long. Before the end his friends fell away from him; he was vehemently denounced for the Boer War; he died embittered and broken-hearted. Only the Matabele natives accorded him the royal salute at the last. The patriarchal figure of South Africa's Cincinnatus—"Oom Paul" Kruger —remained his eternally vigilant foe; it was the occasion for sorrow to Rhodes that his chief enemy was a Boer, not a European whom he might "square" (bribe).

Of his morals there is nothing to say save that he entertained no scruples. He wanted what he wanted, for himself and for England. He was not deterred by inhibitions of any sort. Obstacles were overcome or they disappeared; human obstacles quite frequently vanished from the scene. Yet he had Carnegie's passion for peace. He annexed Pondoland without the loss of a man, merely by firing machine guns into a field of mealies, to show to the natives how futile would be resistance.

Clarity of vision he possessed in noteworthy measure. He harped on the theory that small things, not big ones, produce the great changes in history. (Washington please note.) He prophesied that the world's besetting troubles in the next hundred years would be tariff controversies. (Page Mr. Grundy.) He perceived Britain consolidating her African empire from the south clear through to Egypt.

He does gain our sympathy in his defeated years. Mrs. Millin pens a glamorous portrait of Rhodes in that disillusioned period. He casts off civilization to visit Matabeleland, there to negotiate terms with the tribal chieftains. There is talk, endless talk, in blazing heat, great physical discomfort, warnings from his pulse. He persists, fortified by the intuition that the skinny old crone with cavernous breasts, she who eyed him from afar and approved him as honest, had faith in him. His mission succeeds. Something of the deep hurt in his life reveals itself in an affecting tribute he pays to one simply because she believed in him; hers is the only photograph of a woman in his home at Groote Schuur, the palatial dwelling he bequeathed as the residence of future Prime Ministers. Mrs. Millin has endowed the episode with a pathos utterly alien to the Rhodes the world knew.



Charles Roland is a former member of the New York Herald Tribune *staff. Of the three Rhodes scholars he has known, the most successful has foresworn Greek and grammar to write gangster stories in Capone dialect.*

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The Saturday Review
of LITERATURE

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Published weekly by The Saturday Review Co., Inc., 25 W. 45th St., New York, N. Y. Noble A. Cathcart, President and Treasurer; Henry Seidel Canby, Vice-President and Chairman; Amy Loveman, Secretary.

Subscription rates per year, postpaid in the U. S. and Pan-American Postal Union, $3.50; in Canada, $5; in Great Britain, 18 shillings; elsewhere $4.50. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 1, 1879. Vol. 10. No. 8.

THE SATURDAY REVIEW is indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature."

THE SATURDAY REVIEW cannot assume responsibility for the return of unsolicited manuscripts submitted without an addressed envelope and the necessary postage.

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Man is on the Move Again

An observer, sailing from America in the spring of 1933, left his countrymen discussing the depression, possible war in Europe, and the astonishing attempt of a new president to renew morale amidst the tottering ruins of national credit. He found Europeans for the moment indifferent to war but deeply concerned with revolution, and desperately asserting from the Balkans to Ireland that if the Economic Conference failed they were lost. It failed; they were not lost; as the summer stretched on there was no abatement of the *"crise"* except in England; yet a theme of even tenser concern to the European mind began to shake itself free from false emphasis. It was not economics, though desperate living conditions had released it from the subconscious; it could only be described as psychological, philosophical, and most of all religious. When peasants are wearing potato sacks for clothing in the Balkans and fresh eggs are selling for two cents a dozen in Belgrade, when elderly intellectuals in Vienna button frock coats over bare skins, when some millions of Frenchmen are eating only one meal a day, economics, by whatever name it is called, will be a primary consideration. Nevertheless, the emotional state of fasting is more intense than feasting, ideals and ideas shift more rapidly in a crisis than in prosperity, names, such as communist, socialist, fascist, more quickly lose their reality, and the motives behind the act begin to seem more vital than theory and its labels. Thus mental states become as significant as physical hardships.

Hence every European today of any sensitiveness hears the question "Under which king, Bezonian? speak, or die!" knowing that he must be soon prepared to answer by a confession of faith which must go beyond an allegiance to the party dictators who are the kings of this age, to a new credo for life.

Those who neglect the religious-ascetic-fanaticism of the present German régime, the rising vitality of the Southern Slavs, the grim discipline of the Italians in a state trembling with economic earthquake, or the steady determination of the English to make the England that Blake loved persist through revolution, are simply misreading their Europe. The old order is shattered beyond discussion, except in France where it is moribund, resting heavily on the immovable individualism of the French peasant. The new order is a heady confusion of values and impulses, turning youth toward violence in Germany and pacifism in Great Britain, illogical, dangerous, uncontrollable by policy though rich in doctrines, and as different in emotional quality from the various schemes of economic reorganization as these are from each other. The Croats are willing for war, but only so that they may destroy their own government; the Germans, most scholarly of nations, have found their Mohammed and swallowed his Koran, camels and all (those over twenty-five by forcible feeding); it is dawning upon the French that gold may not be money and that money may lose its power; the Austrians, least racially self-conscious of peoples, have discovered patriotism; only the Russian leaders, who have canalized their religion and philosophy, and have a famine on their hands, are chiefly concerned with physical distress.

Never did stock markets and exchanges less accurately report the realities of Europe. They do record realities of great importance since the destiny of Europe is susceptible to economic law; but not all the realities. There are human impulses toward self-respect and self-expression which have little to do with thirst, hunger, and clothing. Certainly whoever fails to study Europe now in its psychological, its philosophical, and most of all in its religious aspects, will guess the future as inaccurately as our best judges prophesied for 1929 and 1933. And a returned traveler may be permitted to wonder in a new world of N.R.A. signs and bugle blasts over the radio, and such imperatives from government as we have not had since Jackson's day, whether even here the will to succeed, and the drive toward ends which have a meaning beyond private profits, are not more significant than the economics of recovery. For our leaders are playing poker with destiny instead of with each other, on a table where, if they win, the pot goes to the commonweal.

Hence it is distressing to one who believes that the only reliable index to the life of the emotions is to be found in literature, to note the paucity of literature in this tumultuous Europe and the lack of interest in all literature that is not pamphleteering. The new disciplines which are being tried with a fervor sometimes fanatical in so many countries are much closer to the seventh and the twelfth centuries A.D. and the third B.C. than to anything in the nineteenth century, yet man is still Plato's man, Cervantes's man, under the influence of industrialism. Never was the broad view, the perceptive view of the creative artist who feels life intensely and instinctively comprehends it, more needed. German literature is exiled after its most brilliant decade in a century, and will expire in exile. Italian and Russian literature are for the moment negligible. British and French literature are in paunchy middle age. The young are all pamphleteers. It is a régime of pamphlets in verse, fiction, and drama, and in this respect, if in this respect only, the world has gone Shavian. Our minds are inevitably off the permanent and on the transitory—which is the nearest reality. If there is a great book written in the next ten years (which one doubts) it will come from Tibet or New Zealand or New Mexico, or from Vienna if it is saved from the Nazis. That accelerated tempo (of which more later) which has so nearly ruined the modern world, is manifest in our shifts of interest among political and economic problems, as rapid as static electricity on a charged globe. No one in 1933 will retire to Walden pond. We are too nervous to read anything but news and opinion.

And yet the possibility and the urgency of soon retiring from the noisy front to the reflective rear of the modern mind, is evident, for otherwise we shall lose (as the German leaders seem to be losing) the power of interpreting experience. The pamphlets, which we call books, are the barometers of this stormy weather, valuable in a depression since no one wishes to catch pneumonia while trying to look into next week. But they are like weather reports, good for the day only. This storm has blown too hard for calm to follow when the East wind of poverty stops blowing. The depths have been stirred, and there was mud in them, and portents not seen before in our time. The accumulating observations of science are useful, but there is quite as much to be learned about Hitlerism from the Old Testament, and there are lessons on moral discipline in Racine that may prove to be more relevant to the President's program than the comments of economic experts. This is a thin time for literature, but one should not be deluded by the chatter of the peddlers of formulas into belittling its importance—new or old. The imagination of man is on the move again, in Europe, and here. And only imagination, both scientific and literary, can interpret it.

H. S. C.

"WAR IS HELL. SEND IT THERE!"
A cartoon by Biro, from The New Leader, *reflecting pacifist feeling in England*

To the Editor: *Critics Attacked and Saints Defended*

English Reviewing

Sir: Will you allow me, as an Englishman temporarily resident in this country, to add my assent to a remark of Mr. Ernest Boyd's in your issue of August 19? In his review of Miss Starkie's "Baudelaire" he speaks of "those terms of superlative praise which are making English reviewing valueless." I take it that Mr. Boyd would exempt the reviewing of some classes of literature from this charge, and directs it particularly at the reviewers of books of "pure" literature. Of these Squire is an austere critic compared, for instance, with Gerald Gould or Hugh Walpole.

Nothing said in England, apparently, can move these people from their condition of urban ecstacy. Perhaps a little criticism from abroad may do something to this end. But I doubt it: the habit of writing impressionistic "appreciation" is probably less easy to get out of than the habit of drug-taking.

Incidentally, some of the reviews in the English provincial press, as distinct from the London, are often pretty good.

W. L. BROWN.

Monrovia, Cal.

Saints and Believers

Sir: I am afraid that neither Glenway Wescott, the author, nor Ernest Sutherland Bates, the critic, of "A Calendar of Saints for Unbelievers" have either of them any deep love for the subject of saints in general. Mr. Bates makes it plain that "of course Mr. Wescott is a skeptic" and adds that "one hardly sees what other tone a civilized man could adopt toward the fascinating mass of superstition here presented." This is, to say the least, strong if not impertinent language. A cursory examination of the Catholc Encyclopedia would furnish the inquisitive with many details of the saints. Most of them appear to have been normal human beings infused with a more than ordinary love for their Creator reflecting itself in their own orderly lives and their charity to others as they passed along life's road. It is quite possible that here and there exaggerations from the lips of the awed and the faithful may have added a glory not fully deserved, but I have yet to know of any of the saints ever being personally addicted to the habit of boasting of their spiritual prowess, since humility seems to have been with them a perennial badge. These men and women saints stood for definite qualities the lack of which is strongly enough apparent today. Most of us can never hope to emulate the saints, but we can at least respect them. They apparently sought and found happiness in their beliefs, and the world today is sadly astray in that same quest. Wise in our generation, let us not be too hasty to condemn faultless lives, when the evidence of corruption is so apparent in the body politic.

CLARENCE MILLIGAN.

Detroit, Mich.

The Mirthful Dog

Sir: These being—more or less—what are traditionally known as the dog days, it seems not inappropriate to make a few comments on Edward A. Noyes's speculations on dog psychology in a recent issue.

I have for some time owned a mongrel who smiled very apparently, while performing all the psychological movements which Mr. Noyes so dog-lovingly notes. However, in his intricate ancestry there could certainly have been found more than one terrier, so he hardly counts.

I now own a black and white pointer bitch and she also *smiles* unmistakably. In her case I have sheafs of documents to prove her unsullied lineage. Not one drop of terrier blood flows in her distinguished veins. Besides her I have seen one other pointer who smiled, but in his case I had certain suspicions that some of his ancestors had been, well, democratic.

However, to get back to the main question, friend not fiend is the answer, so Mr. Noyes can rest at ease.

THOMAS CALDECOTT CHUBB.

Old Saybrook, Conn.

Sidestepping War

Sir: Hervey Allen's review of "The First World War" reveals him as remote from the present as is his best-seller. Let Allen and the rest of the world remember that once upon a time people propounded that legalized duelling could never be eradicated.

We still have duels, but they are usually illegal and much less respectable. War, too, will presently assume the cringing demeanor of the drunken brawler hailed before a police magistrate next morning. Wars are already typified by the sack of Shanghai not many months ago. Twenty years ago that incident would have precipitated *another* world war, don't you think? Also let Allen notice the reluctance of Uncle Sam to reënter Cuba in the last coup there.

CAMERON MCR. PLUMMER.

Prescott, Ariz.

The Saturday Review recommends

This Group of Current Books:

THE JOURNAL OF GAMALIEL BRADFORD. *Houghton Mifflin.* Diaries kept over many years by a lover of literature.

ON READING SHAKESPEARE. By LOGAN PEARSALL SMITH. *Harcourt, Brace.* An interpretation for the general reader.

WONDER HERO. By J. B. PRIESTLEY. *Harpers.* A tale of journalism.

This Less Recent Book:

SAD INDIAN. By THAMES WILLIAMSON. *Harcourt, Brace.* The story of a Mexican Indian.

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The Presidents We Deserve

THE PEOPLE'S CHOICE. By Herbert Agar. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1933. $3.50.

Reviewed by JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

NOSTALGIA sits upon every page of this interesting, provoking, and confused story of the American presidents from Washington to Warren G. Harding. Mr. Agar's skill is considerable, especially when he is dealing with periods which really interest him. His analytical biographies of John Adams, John Quincy Adams, Jefferson, Lincoln, and Grant are little masterpieces of compression. And his analyses of the forces that were expressed in the careers of Calhoun, Clay, Jackson, and the founders of the Republican Party are clear and incisive. But the galvanizer flutters and fails when the Civil War has ended; Mr. Agar becomes bored. Industrialism, with no landed aristocracy to check and temper its growth, and the impalpable processes of finance capitalism, disgust the author and leave him weary. The drive that Mr. Agar can work up when discussing John Adams or John Quincy Adams is dissipated when he comes to Cleveland, Roosevelt, and Woodrow Wilson. These men, Mr. Agar implies, tried their best to insure some decency in political life and to check the processes of large-scale capitalistic development, but their philosophies were too feeble, and the forces too strong against them. And so "The People's Choice" ends on a diminishing note. It may be significant that Mr. Agar has left the United States and chosen London as a more or less permanent abode. He is a T. S. Eliot of political literature.

Mr. Agar most emphatically does not write as a democrat. He quotes Madison with evident approval: "The Freeholders of the country would be the safest depositories of Republican liberty." His heroes are John and John Quincy Adams, John C. Calhoun, and Jefferson Davis. These men had real prescriptions for "a planned society." Jefferson failed as a first-rate political thinker, says Mr. Agar, because he had no plan by which his agrarian democracy might be perpetuated; the Jeffersonians made their mistake when they allied themselves with the political machines of the Democracy of the cities, such as that run by Aaron Burr in New York. Mr. Agar's view of Jefferson is the one expressed by Herbert Croly many years ago. Lincoln fails, in Mr. Agar's estimation, of reaching top stature because he didn't have any clear idea of democracy; if he had, he would never have allied himself with the party of industrial expansion. Cleveland was honest, but he, too, was subconsciously worshipful of the very processes that corrupted Blaine, Garfield, McKinley, and Harding. As for Roosevelt and Wilson, they could only lead forlorn causes. The former was doomed, even as he was writing the Sherman Anti-trust Act and creating the Interstate Commerce Commission. To Mr. Agar, the liberalism of the Progressive years was only an afterglow, an Indian Summer, a final flaring of the old spirit.

It is here that Mr. Agar becomes confusing. For if the causes led by Roosevelt and Wilson were doomed, then how is the American dream to be preserved, as Mr. Agar hopes it will be preserved when he comes to his conclusion? What are the mechanics by which we may go back to the dream of the Adamses, John and John Quincy, of a nation administered by the "best minds," of a country with a propertied aristocracy that is responsible to the larger good? Mr. Agar wants to "cancel the Jacksonian revolution." But his grasp upon historical forces wavers with that statement. John C. Calhoun could make the attempt to cancel the Jacksonian evil, for he had the plantation system behind him; he had force at his command. John Adams could insist on the checks and balances of the Founding Fathers, for the small mercantile property holder of his day went to make up a numerous political force. But the process of industrialization has done for the pre-Jacksonian type of democracy; America has neither a landed aristocracy, nor a middle class that can save itself by any other means than those tried by Theodore Roosevelt, Wilson and, now, Franklin D. Roosevelt. The "middle sort of man," in a world of finance capitalism, is compelled periodically to "gang up" on bankers and industrialists, to work at one moment with the workers, and at another moment against the workers. The middle class must shift as the power shifts. The results are different in different countries; in Germany, the middle classes "freeze" the state, preventing a movement either to the Right or to the Left; in England, there rules a Coalition that can neither go backward away from the dole, nor forward to "production for use, not for profit." In America, the N.R.A. tries to let industrialists and bankers move forward, but under penalty of turning profits into social service channels to keep the unemployed from rising in desperation. Mr. Agar fails to see that we are in a new period of "checks and balances" that looks like confusion when translated into the terms of politics. Statesmanship, recently, has consisted not so much in winning a clear victory for a particular philosophy as it has in preventing any opposite philosophy from achieving total effective power. The whole art of politics in the post-war world has reduced itself to the preservation of classes as they already exist. The men who sit in the high places — MacDonald, Hitler, Mussolini, Roosevelt, even Stalin—are to date the great temporizers. They all try to hold the balance between Right and Left, although the next moves of Hitler are incalculable. It is not a period for Trotskys, Hamiltons, Robespierres, or Thomas Cromwells. No great movement is today "on the make," although tomorrow the dams may break. To achieve a stalemate today is to win a victory.

If Mr. Agar had realized all this he would not have asked himself the silly question, "Why is it that of our first six presidents, five were men of great ability, while of all the rest, only Lincoln, Cleveland, Roosevelt, and Wilson had any stature?" The answer is, that the first six presidents were picked men of a revolution. When the line had run out, a country fortunate enough to have endless resources at its command, and glorifying in *laissez-faire*, had no need of good presidents. Effective men did not go into politics, for they could rule behind the scenes without bothering to chase after the insignia of office. When the "people" elect a Garfield or a Coolidge, it is obvious that the "people" aren't particularly in need of a strong man at their head. When they elect a Hoover, and then find themselves in trouble, they turn on him like lightning. Another answer to Mr. Agar's question is that men of "key" importance—such as Calhoun, Clay, Webster, or Robert M. La Follette—are in certain periods more effective as formulators and legislators than as administrators; and a democracy, somehow, has had the sense to keep them in effective offices. It is almost enough to make one a mystic to see how America has always had the presidents she has deserved in terms of inner balances of forces.

One More Past

HEAR, YE SONS. By Irving Fineman. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1933. $2.

Reviewed by JOSEPH GOLLOMB

STORIES that range from cramped little Russian and Polish ghettos to America are familiar enough by now; yet the latest of them, "Hear Ye Sons," proves that they are still rich in appeal. The war, however, and the Russian revolution have in different ways dissolved many a ghetto; immigration from Russia and Poland to America has contracted; and new writers who want such material as in "Hear, Ye Sons," have to turn to their elders for it. Mr. Fineman dedicated his book partly to his father, "who has given me ancient memories"; and though the novel is in the form of autobiography the writing betrays the fact that the memories are one man's, the style another's; one more past must hereafter increasingly be written from hearsay only.

At the age of sixty-eight Joseph is an "American success," a lawyer, rich, mellow, and surrounded by children and grandchildren, loving, talented, affluent. But he looks back wistfully to Poland, twenty-four years of it till he left for America. He details his childhood in the home of his father, a provision merchant; the warm life of the ghetto; his years of study with rabbi and Russian schoolteacher; of his marriage and life in another Polish town where he, too, becomes a provision merchant and his first children are born. He is forced to serve in the Russian army; life there becomes for him unendurable; he deserts; and the book ends with his arrival in America.

DRAWING FOR THE END-PAPERS OF "HEAR, YE SONS"

To life here he gives only five or six pages of a prologue, and these are devoted to a description of his family as America has made them. It would seem to most that it is a gracious picture; Joseph admits, "a sounder family I have yet to see in America." Yet of himself he says, "It is as if I had lived two lives; and the first remains as vivid and often more meaningful than all the forty-four years of my progress in the second."

In his other novels, "This Pure Young Man" and "Lovers Must Learn," Mr. Fineman has written of life in France and in America objectively, with sophistication. In "Hear, Ye Sons" he turns rhapsodist in a sentimental journey to a past which he knows only vicariously. What he finds glowing here—and to a considerable measure makes the reader share with him—is less the life of individuals than that of a community, orthodox, devout, observing the very letter of their ancient faith.

But the author's fervor for documentation operates at the expense of artistry. Whole pages of the book consist of quotations from the Old Testament, the Talmud, the Torah; prayers, folk lore, arguments by learned rabbis are given in full; rituals are put down to the least detail; Joseph's wedding ceremony takes up several chapters. The young couple did not meet until their parents had arranged the match, shortly before the marriage. But although whole chapters are given to the ceremonial, all that Joseph writes of his married life is that "from then on my home was a temple of grace; and love itself a fount of godliness."

The result is that characterization is blurred, even the principals emerging as little more than lay figures. One does not see, for instance, why Joseph's forty-four years in America should be less meaningful than his youth in Poland. A quotation from Walter Lippmann at the head of the first chapter is supposed to account for the difference in Joseph's "two lives": "By the dissolution of their ancient ways men have been deprived of their sense of certainty as to why they were born, why they must work, whom they must love. . . ." But even in America Joseph has kept to his religious faith. It would seem therefore that Joseph—and the author—have found life illumined only in the ghetto; an inescapable implication that mars the book throughout with its sentimentality.

Joseph Gollomb, novelist and journalist, was born in Petrograd, and is at present at work on a book which recaptures a past in some respects similar to that described by Mr. Fineman.

Death Watch

NIGHT OVER FITCH'S POND. By Cora Jarrett. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1933. $2.50.

Reviewed by ALVAH C. BESSIE

MYSTERY fiction of a distinctly literate order is provided by Mrs. Jarrett in this first novel. Though macabre in tone, it offers entertainment that has always been popular, couched in a style which, together with its psychological insight, takes it out of the category of detective novels.

The mystery is stated on the first page; not till the last ten pages of the novel is that mystery solved, and the progressive stages of the solution are exciting, convincing, and generally interesting. Julius Nettleton and his wife, and Rolf Deming and his wife are the principal actors in the tragedy enacted on lonely Fitch's Pond. Walter Drake is the never impartial observer; he it is who, in the long hours of his death-watch beside his drowned friend Julius, probes the situation from beginning to end, disentangles the more than ordinary complex relationship that has arisen between the Demings and the Nettletons. This situation is quadrangular and, if you count Walter Drake, quintangular. Drake loves Mary Nettleton; Mary loves Rolf Deming; Rolf loves Mary; Julius and Eloise, Rolf's wife, for reasons that become sufficiently manifest, hate each other.

It would be unfair to the potential audience of "Night Over Fitch's Pond" to reveal Walter Drake's ultimate solution of the mystery surrounding Julius's death—accident, suicide, or criminal negligence bordering on murder. It is not, however, unfair to complain of Mrs. Jarrett that she has, in the resolution of that mystery, been unfair to her audience by suppressing one item of considerable importance—an item that concerns Eloise Deming, that comes as a distinct shock, bewildering in its sudden appearance, at the close of the story. Granted that the revelation of this item, or rather its suppression and sudden revelation, heightens suspense and points the ultimate dénouement. It is less unfair than it is distinctly awkward and tricky, and it reduces to a trick affair a novel that is generally intelligent, that did not require this additional impetus, false and disillusioning, to augment its genuine power to move the reader through atmosphere and emotion.

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J. P. PRIESTLEY
Drawn by Georges Schreiber

Priestley Pans Press

WONDER HERO. By J. B. Priestley. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1933. $2.50.

Reviewed by EDWARD CORNELIUS

IN his latest novel, Mr. J. B. Priestley has abandoned the old English inns and the tankards of porter which flavored "The Good Companions" and "Angel Pavement," and has gone, so to speak, modern. "Wonder Hero" is the story of a solid, commonsense young English workingman, who becomes, through a series of coincidences rather than through any great achievement of his own, a seven-days' wonder of the *Daily Tribune,* which happens at the time to be in need of a story.

This situation is a set-up for one of those satires on the sensational press. To the American reader, however, there is something about popular British journalism which makes satire superfluous. How familiar are the phrases in which Mr. Priestley's feature-writer projects his day-dream of a big story: "A Boy's Mad Devotion. Vampire Woman. A Career Flung Away. What Is *Your* Boy Doing? The Moth and the Candle." We have perhaps been spoiled for this sort of thing by our own school of satire; we are accustomed to the rapid-fire clicking of "The Front Page" and "Five Star Final," which compare with the leisurely burlesque of "Wonder Hero" much as a good Hollywood movie does with a production of the British infant film industry.

One feels that news in England must have been at a premium the week Charlie Hobble became a national figure by helping to put out a fire in an explosive plant. Not that Charlie isn't a likable young man, and not that Mr. Priestley, once we overlook his pretensions as a satirist, doesn't tell an entertaining story about him: his acute discomfort in the London limelight of cocktail parties and night clubs; his haste to return to Utterton and use his money to help his friends; his simple but interrupted romance with the beauty-contest winner who is another newspaper's excuse for a week's ballyhoo; right down to the comfortable conclusion when Charlie has solved all his own problems and those of his immediate circle.

But Mr. Priestley won't let us overlook his pretensions as a satirist. He has a flirtation with every general idea he sees. He makes use of a communist, not only to help out the plot, but to provide a few well-chosen words about British justice. He shows us a factory town ruined by technological unemployment, and lets the solid British artisan tell us what's wrong with the economic system. But he drops these larger questions as soon as Charlie has come through with the money to tide over the communist's mistress, and to provide rest and medical attention for the artisan's undernourished wife. And it is just as well, for we have meanwhile been made slightly uncomfortable by a certain inadvertently patronizing quality, an atmosphere of pipe and slippers, which creeps into Mr. Priestley's spokesmanship for the communist and the artisan.

Those who do not object to this—and they probably include most of the author's admirers—will not be disappointed in "Wonder Hero," for Mr. Priestley can tell an amusing story, turn an adroit phrase, and catch the rhythm and the life of the chance passers-by who too often remain minor characters. But a satirist should face his issues squarely, and when it comes to satirizing the fourth estate, they order these things better in America.

Model of a Modern Major General

OLD GIMLET EYE: The Adventures of Smedley D. Butler, as told to Lowell Thomas. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1933. $2.75.

Reviewed by THOMAS BOYD

IN a professional soldier an amount of naiveté and a lack of social consciousness must be expected; but "Old Gimlet Eye," the adventures of Smedley D. Butler, Major General, U. S. Marines (Retired), as jumbled up between himself and Lowell Thomas, is so innocent of anything not obvious and rubber-stamped that the reader is reduced to a state of sympathetic awe.

Smedley Butler began his career as professional soldier at sixteen. Because America was making imperialist strides in Cuba, because the Marine Corps was to be increased by twenty-four officers and two thousand men for the duration of the war, but above all because his father was a congressman, young Smedley began his service as "an officer and a gentleman" and was sent to Guantanamo, where he was put in charge of wiry privates and hard-bitten non-com's who had been in the Marines for years.

A few months later, when the war ended, young Butler retained his commission. On leave of absence, he went home in a bright new uniform. On service, he went to the Philippines, then to China, where the imperialist armies of the world were forcing exploitation on the Chinese with guns and bayonets, then to Panama, Honduras, back to Panama again.

One day a "revolution broke out in that temperamental little country" of Nicaragua. "Adolfo Diaz was running the revolution. He was secretary and treasurer of La Lux Mining Company, in which Philander C. Knox, then our Secretary of State, was reported to own stock." And "when we reached Bluefield . . . the American Consul informed us that the situation was desperate" for "the revolutionists were now hemmed in with the remnants of their troops" and "unless something drastic was done at once, the revolution would fail." And as "it was plain that Washington would like the [temperamental!] revolutionists to come out on top," Major Butler, pretending to be neutral, tricked the government troops into giving up their arms and letting the revolutionists — Diaz, La Lux Mining Company, and its American Investors—overthrow them.

But "whys and wherefores," as General Butler states, "are not in the Marine vocabulary." Thus when a revolution broke out in Haiti and it became clear to Colonel Butler that the United States wanted Phillipe Sudre Dartiguenave as President instead of Dr. Rosalvo Bobo whom "the American government didn't think would do" because he was "a red-headed Negro," it was a simple matter for Butler and a large force of well-armed, well-trained Marines to see that Dartiguenave won the revolution and was elected President.

But it is not enough for a Marine officer to help destroy a colonial people in the interests of his country's investing class; he must also keep still about it. And this General Butler failed to do. He glibly claims that as early as 1918 he was "at outs with Marine headquarters because" he "opposed elevating the Commandant of the Corps to the rank of lieutenant general so long as the soldiers were getting no extra reward for doing the heavy work in the trenches." In 1930, at any rate, he made his Pittsburgh speech in which he "intimated that our government had used strong-arm methods to elect the President of Nicaragua" in 1912. This brought upon him "a stiff reprimand" from Charles Francis Adams, Secretary of the Navy; and a little later, when a new Major General Commandant was to be named for the Marine Corps and the promotion was due Butler as senior officer of the Corps, he and his thirty-two years of service, his two Congressional Medals of Honor, his sixteen other medals, and his several wounds were disregarded and a more discreet general officer became the new Commandant of Marines. In the following year he ill-advisedly repeated a story regarding Mussolini as a hit-and-run driver and found himself placed under arrest in his quarters at the Quantico Marine Base where he commanded. The charges were "Conduct to the prejudices of good order and discipline" and "Conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman," which Congress had made him as a boy of sixteen! The case dwindled to an official reprimand. General Butler resigned.

He has been, for brief periods, manager of a West Virginia coal mine and director of public safety. He is, he feels, not yet finished. And since the last paragraph of his book ends with "There's plenty of fight in me yet" it is perhaps not too officious to hope that General Butler will have a clearer knowledge of what he is fighting for next time.

* *

Thomas Boyd, whose "Through the Wheat" was one of the most vivid narratives of the World War, served from 1917-1918 *in the United States Marine Corps.*

Distorting Mirrors

THE MIRRORS OF WALL STREET. Anonymous. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1933. $2.50

Reviewed by RALPH WEST ROBEY

TO place blame correctly and effectively for the financial and economic débâcle of the last four years is a task that would test the abilities of any analyst. It proved far too difficult for the anonymous author who undertook it in "The Mirrors of Wall Street." He has produced an interesting, more or less gossipy, account of various happenings before 1929 and of thirteen outstanding men of the time, but he has not succeeded in presenting even an approximately accurate picture of the dominant personalities and operations of those days. His analysis of the causes of our troubles is weak and basically erroneous, his selection of men for character sketches in several instances is poor as measured by the importance of the part they played, and he scarcely has scratched the surface of the material that is available. Compared with what a book which attempts to capitalize the nauseating events of that time might be, and aside from a rather consistent nastiness of expression, this volume is as nearly a "whitewash" as it is a "mirror."

It should be emphasized, however, that this comparative gentleness quite definitely is not the result of any desire of the author to be kind. He obviously has tried to present a thoroughly black picture, and he likes to think of his devils as personalities, not as concepts. When discussing the general history of the period he reflects an intense bitterness and deep disgust and he would like to focus this feeling on private individuals, because he sees the difficulties growing out of the excesses before 1929 as directly traceable to the deliberate and selfish maliciousness of a small group of individuals.

It is his contention, thus, that the financial system of the United States did not suffer from any inherent weaknesses in the decade of the '20's, but rather that it "was debased by minds that were as stupid as they were ruthless and greedy." It was these men "who created the Frankenstein monster which, during these last few years, has been nursing itself on the nation's vitals." The author does not say so in so many words but it is the clear implication, of course, that the thirteen men he has selected for sketches—Morgan, Rockefeller, Baker, Lamont, Aldrich, Potter, Mitchell, Kahn, Dillon, Chrysler, Meyer, Dawes, and Baruch—were those "minds." Presumably they compose "that group of sacrosanct gentlemen who have pontificated over American finance with dogmatic assurance and unchallenged license" in the last several years.

In order that the reader may have this financial libertinism as a part of his background in reading the character sketches, and also with a view of dispelling "the miasma of propaganda created by the great minds of Wall Street to divert from themselves the responsibility for the country's present plight," the author devotes the first and longest chapter of the book to "Washington and Wall Street." The main thesis here is that through the connivance of various governmental officials, Mellon and Crissinger being most noteworthy in this particular, the New York clique was able to get the Federal Reserve system, in effect, turned over to them for their private use. With this great power they then began their foraging on the savings of the rest of the country.

In the sketches which follow this general outline there is great variation. In the case of a few of the men the author gives the impression of having done some research work into the records. In the majority of them, however, it does not seem possible that he could have gone beyond reading the clips in some newspaper morgue. In the case of George F. Baker, for example, the entire account is less than five pages long, although the Bakers — father and son — have been a dominating element in the financial district for well over a generation and no bank was more important than their institution in the "rape of the Reserve System" beofre 1929. To the author, however, the Bakers are worthy primarily only because both have disliked reporters.

CHARLES E. MITCHELL
Drawn by Hugo Gellert

Most of the accounts, of course, are unfriendly. That of Baruch is the major exception. The author likes Baruch, although he indicates little respect for his intelligence. The elder J. P. Morgan, also is treated with kindness. In his case, however, it appears to be for the purpose of drawing a contrast with the present Mr. Morgan. The father "would have been impelled by every impulse of his soul to warn the country he loved so well that it was following false leaders to destruction." This, if it is going to make anyone feel better, may be accepted as reasonably accurate, but it is always well to remember that the great "saving" of the country by Morgan and his associates in the '90's involved a profit to them of approximately $7,000,000.

In any case the author is convinced that the present Mr. Morgan failed in his duty to his country by remaining silent. The same complaint recurs time after time in other accounts. It is assumed the "great minds of Wall Street" were well aware of what was ahead and failed to inform the rest of us just because of sheer cussedness. It would be interesting to try to get Charles E. Mitchell to agree to this. It will be recalled that not long ago he provided some rather convincing evidence, in the form of mortgages on his homes and losses on his investments, that at least he thought in 1929 and even later that there was no cause for worry.

These shortcomings in the book, nevertheless, do not materially detract from its interest. They merely ruin it as a noteworthy account of the men and period being discussed. The task of presenting that picture remains. If it ever is done the present attempt will go down by comparison as childish, superficial, and unquestionably written by someone who neither knew the facts nor appreciated their significance. It is to be hoped that the next writer who attempts the job will recall before he starts each chapter the wisecrack made at the time of the Mitchell investigation and resignation—"If they ever get the real facts of the situations, they will reëlect Mitchell by contrast."

* *

Ralph West Robey is Financial Editor of The New York Evening Post.

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The Bowling Green

Shakespeare Celebration

IT was my intention to make this a sort of Shakespeare Celebration week on the Green, since on September 7 was published Pearsall Smith's brilliant little *On Reading Shakespeare*—one of the very few books about himself that Will could have read without cursing.

And now, by happy coincidence, arrives a letter from Mr. William A. Jackson, distinguished bibliographer of Elizabethan literature. Dr. Rosenbach says "what Mr. Jackson writes in this letter is really a great Shakespearean discovery. He reveals the fact that the lines under the 1640 portrait were taken—with slight changes—from the long poem by Ben Jonson prefixed to the First Folio."

Mr. Jackson's letter finally disposes of the matter of the interrogation-exclamation marks which we started as a small red hare among the hounds of Shakespeare scholarship.

The 1640 Portrait

Sir:—My attention has been called by Dr. Rosenbach to the correspondence in *The Bowling Green* for 10 June and 19 August 1933 regarding the significance of the interrogation marks, in the engraved frontispiece of Shakespeare's *Poems*, 1640. In case the 'doubters,' as you call them, despite the patent absurdity of any such pretension, should be tempted to seize upon this scrap and to build some of their fantastic structures upon it, may I point out what apparently has not been noticed regarding the verses inscribed by Marshall on this plate.

The fact is that the first six lines of that inscription were unblushingly pilfered from Ben Jonson's poem 'To the memory of my beloved, the author Mr. William Shakespeare: and what he hath left us.' prefixed to the first, as well as the later, folio editions of Shakespeare's plays. The punctuation of Jonson's lines in the folios shows, beyond doubt, that the question marks in the engraving were due entirely to the artist and cannot have any hidden significance.

The first six lines of the inscription read:

This Shadowe is renowned Shakespear's?
Soule of th' age
The applause? delight? the wonder of the Stage.
Nature her selfe, was proud of his designes
And joy'd to weare the dressing of his lines;
The learned will Confess, his works are such,
As neither man, nor Muse, can prayse to much.

while in these folios (lines 17, 18, 47, 48, 3 and 4) Jonson's couplets originally read:

I therefore will begin. Soule of the Age!
The applause! delight! the wonder of our Stage!
Nature her selfe was proud of his designes,
And ioy'd to weare the dressing of his lines!
While I confesse thy writings to be such,
As neither Man, nor Muse, can praise too much.

This is not the place to discuss the confused practice of the seventeenth century English printers and engravers with respect to exclamation and interrogation marks nor to enquire into the palæographical origins of those usages, but it may not be amiss to say that manuals of punctuation of the present day acknowledge that the distinction is often difficult to make.

The portrait above the inscription is no more original than the verses, for it is a reversed copy, with the addition of the shoulder cape and the hand holding a sprig of laurel, of the Droeshout portrait used in all the early folio editions of Shakespeare's plays. Mr. Hind has declared it to be a 'good example of Marshall's delicate though hardly sensitive engraving'; but Spielmann, with perhaps more justice, has called it 'rather poorly executed.'

You will recall that Marshall was the engraver who apparently knew as little Greek as Jonson, in the poem cited above, credited Shakespeare with knowing. For Milton, displeased by the poor likeness of himself which Marshall had engraved for frontispiece to his *Poems*, 1645, tricked the artist into subscribing Greek verses which testify that the friends of the poet . . . 'looking at my own natural countenance, knew not whom the picture representes, but laugh at the awkward imitation of the stupid artist.'

WM. A. JACKSON.

Philadelphia Perambulator

As I told you, I've had some amusement this summer in looking through an old collection of newspaper clippings. Here is one more that gave me a grin. The incident referred to was in Philadelphia, June 1919, and the book so mysteriously referred to—well, I'll give a copy of it to the first client who identifies it.

Yesterday morning the course of our domestic responsibilities required that we should wheel an empty go-cart along the highways from Seventeenth and Pine to the Market street ferry, in order to ship same to our young kinsman the Urchin, who is making merry at the seashore. Our only other baggage was a book, and for convenience of transport we found it necessary to place the book in the go-cart.

And so we fared forth, in the bright sunshine of the well-known month of June. Pine to Broad, Broad to Walnut, Walnut to Front, Front to Market, Market to the ferry, was the route of the procession. Happily the spectacle of a well-nourished sage, comparatively in the prime of life, gravely wheeling a go-cart containing one book did not seem to attract much attention from the citizens. We had risen at an early hour in order to consummate this task without disrupting the traffic, and the street were still fairly empty. How glad we were that none of our more satiric friends were on hand to remark the subtle comedy of that book in its perambulator. For it is such a young and tender book—indeed, not published yet and an offspring of our own, so what more appropriate than that its loving parent should push it hopefully through the streets in a baby carriage?

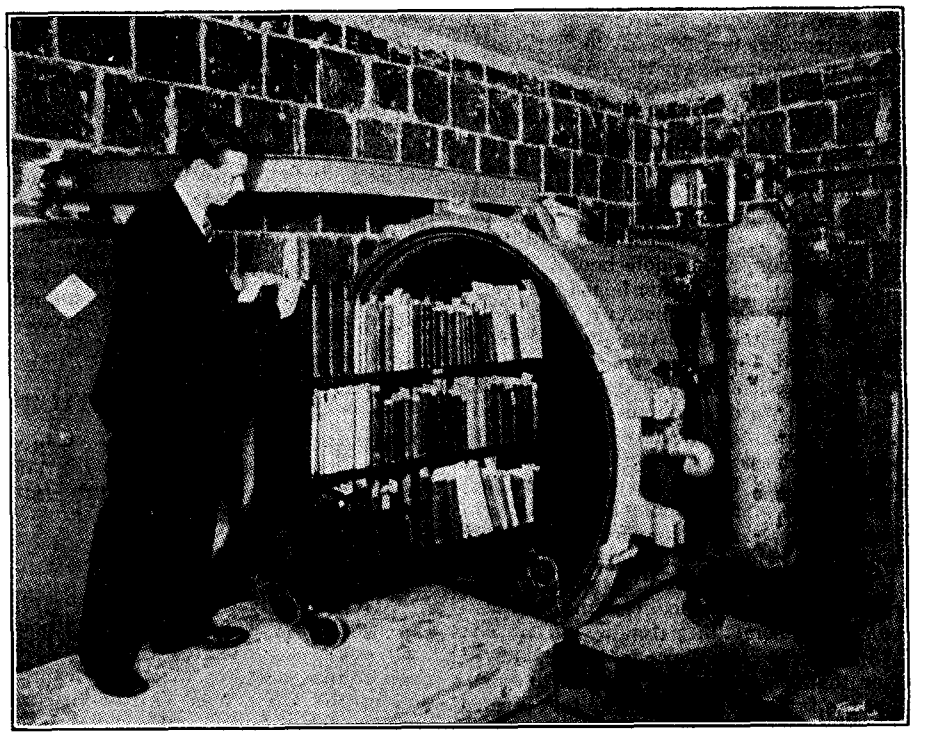
But Front street is a humorous place, and there we occasioned the first spoken comment. "There," cried a stalwart teamster, gazing bitterly at us as he wiped his brow; "there's a guy that's got it pretty soft. Look at that truck he's pushing!"

We halted, and pretending there was an urchin in the cart we went through the careful motions of tucking it in more securely and pacifying its imaginary outcries. We patted its invisible head. "Now, Junior," we said, after the manner of patient parents, "you must sit still; we'll soon be there."

The teamster gazed at us in a mixture of horror and uncertainty.

"Fine baby, isn't he?" we said, and went on. We were not quite certain whether the laugh was on him or on us, but at any rate the ferry was near at hand and our embarrassing task was over.

Mr. Thomas M. Iiams, of the Huntington Library, has kindly sent me his most interesting paper *Preservation of Rare Books and MSS* reprinted from *The Library Quarterly* of October 1932. He describes the investigations and experiments conducted by the famous Huntington Library (San Marino, Calif.) to prevent insect ravages upon books. The "bookworm" most active in the United States is *sitorepa panicea*, so-called from its appetite for dry bread, but as its special enthusiasm is druggists' supplies it is familiarly known as the drug-store beetle. The oldfashioned idea of discouraging it by scattering pepper on the bookshelves is no good; entomologists say that it is particularly fond of pepper. "In pharmacies it runs nearly the whole gamut of everything kept in store, from insipid gluten wafers to such acrid substances as wormwood; for the aromatic cardamom and anise to the deadly aconite and belladonna. It has even been said to perforate tin foil and sheet lead."



VACUUM FUMIGATOR AT THE HUNTINGTON LIBRARY

Mr. Iiams tells us that since 1928 the Huntington Library has systematically studied the problem, and seems to have solved it with a mixture of ethylene oxide and carbon dioxide which combine in a liquid which is neither inflammable nor explosive. This new fumigant is now marketed under the trade name of "carboxide." To destroy both eggs and larvae of the beetle, and completely to penetrate the volumes, vacuum treatment is necessary. Mr. Iiams says:—

> We designed, with the aid of Dr. Irving Gleason, chemical engineer for a company manufacturing vacuum equipment, a fumigator five feet in diameter by ten feet long, sufficiently large to accommodate five or six library trucks full of books at one time, or the largest pieces of furniture, tapestries, and other objects of art. The actual operation of the apparatus is very simple and does not require the services of a trained engineer or a fumigating expert.
>
> Since its installation we have fumigated all suspected volumes in the rare-book stack, as well as foreign shipments showing the least signs of infestation. Until all books in the stacks have been fumigated there is, of course, the possibility of re-infestation, but we we feel that, with strict vigilance and ordinary precaution, our battle has been won, and we hope the "diet of worms"—as far as the Huntington Library is concerned—will once again be the good earth rather than priceless volumes.

M. Lincoln Schuster's anthology of the World's Great Letters, announced for this autumn, may be expected to contain much confidential overplus of mortal feeling. But among private correspondence, never proposed for print, I rate high a recent letter written by a very young niece of mine to her mother who was away on a trip. In its independent spirit, its rhetorical impact, and in intuitive forecast of the insoluble problems of Woman, this seems to me a Document:—

Dear Mother,

Do I have to play all afternoon when I come home tired from school? Do I have to practise every morning? Do I have to make my hair shine and fix it just so every morning? Do I have to fix it the same way before supper? Do I have to remove the dishes when it is Teeny's night? Can't kitty come in while we're having supper?

While you are enjoying yourself these and other things are making your daughter bored.

Please do something about it.

Your child.

The Bowling Green in past years often alluded to the graceful little statue of Eros in Piccadilly Circus, London. So our Art Department was highly pleased when Miss Adele M. Burcher, of Scarsdale, brought in a sketch she had made of it. Her drawing represents it on a day of London fog and illustrates the episode of the young American who found himself transfixed by the arrow.

I believe that Miss Burcher did the drawing from imagination, and perhaps the buildings in the background are a bit too perpendicular for London, but the statue itself is very much as I remember it.

I was much pleased by a little article in the *American Book Collector* for August by Warren P. Blodgett, telling how a reading of A. Edward Newton and Barton Currie, and a call on Mr. Paul Lemperly, well-known collector in Cleveland, had started him off hunting for firsts on his own hook. But what pleased me specially was that he had the gumption to choose a special field of his own—the modern revival of Scottish literature—and the good taste to develop a lively enthusiasm for the work of the late Neil Munro. Mr. Blodgett might be interested to look up an essay on Neil Munro written some years ago for this *Review* by Cameron Rogers, and reprinted in Rogers' *O Splendid Appetite!* (John Day). When Dr. Munro made his only visit to this country a few years ago (he was then elderly and in poor health) he was so disturbed by the sight and sound of New York's hugeness that he stayed abroad Captain Bone's *Transylvania* while in port and did not venture ashore. Of his beautiful writings, which some have rated at least as high as R. L. S., Mr. Blodgett speaks with just affection.

The American Book Collector, published monthly by Charles F. Heartman at Metuchen, N. J., always contains matter of interest and temperament. I was sorry that Mr. Heartman made some unexpectedly sour comments on the *Saturday Review* a few months ago and have been hoping he might find some reason to revise them.

Speaking of Scottish books, Mr. Blodgett, don't miss *Whisky* by Aeneas MacDonald (Edinburgh: The Porpoise Press). And if you want a hobby for a lifetime, try pursuing the ramified bibliography of the Bone family.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

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American Folk Songs

WHITE SPIRITUALS OF THE SOUTHERN UPLANDS. By George Pullen Jackson. Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina Press. 1933. $4.50.

Reviewed by JOSEPHINE PINCKNEY

HERE is a book about the rural Southerner of the past century whose story has been ignored in favor of the more popular plantation tradition. Since about 1800 the fasola folk have been singing more or less indigenous songs written in the ancient shape-notes and sung to the syllables *fa sol la*—a truncated form of the familiar *do re mi* sequence. This system, common in Elizabethan England, came down via the early New England singing school, whose teachers took it into the South and West, where it still survives lustily, untroubled by the later European culture that destroyed it elsewhere. There are in the present day hundreds of thousands of white people with organized schools, holding singings—not religious meetings but all-day gatherings for the sole pleasure of singing together—at which they still read the music from shape-note books.

For one who has neither heard the singing nor examined the books it is difficult to form an estimate of the quality of the songs, and the extent to which they differ from evangelical hymnology is not quite clear. The words are mostly borrowed from hymns; the tunes are of mixed ancestry, such as unwritten songs of the Methodist and Baptist churches, secular fiddle-tunes and melodies composed or adapted by the compilers of the singing books. The names of the books themselves —"Social Harp," "Sacred Harp," "Timbrel of Zion" have an evangelical ring, and the tunes are sometimes found in church hymnals also. Mr. Jackson insists, however, that it is urban snobbishness to deny that the fasolas' songs are true folk music —spirituals—and he supports his contention with several good arguments. The sharpest departure from hymnology is in some of the melodic idioms. These descendants of the Scotch-Irish have assimilated Celtic folk-tunes for many of the songs, and they use "gapped scales"—a more primitive form of scale consistently omitting the fourth and the leading tone in the major mode and the second and sixth in the minor. The books include numerous religious ballads, like the delightful "Romish Lady," surely a survival of a much older day, and other narratives of experience.

Between the spontaneous spiritual of the country Negro and the gospel hymn there are many degrees of primitivity. From the fragments given in this book it would appear that the fasola songs are nearer the hymn end of the scale, and the very fact that the singers hold conventions and sing by note from books containing singing instructions shows a relative sophistication. The book is none the less valuable for this and will be absorbing to the discriminating reader; it gives a very full account of these people and their songs and is the result of a zealous and sympathetic research in a virtually unknown field.

The author's discovery of the fasola singers brings new evidence to an old argument concerning the racial origin of the spiritual. Certain types of song and ways of singing, hitherto thought to be peculiarly the Negro's own, were found by Mr. Jackson to be native to the fasolas also, thus adding weight to the theory that the spiritual was born of the white camp-meeting. Whether these whites sing with the magnificent rhythmic instinct of the Negro can only be affirmed by one who has heard both groups. The author apparently thinks they do, though from his account the whites do not go in for the "clapping," "patting" (with the feet), and "shouting" (swinging the body) which so augment the primitive beat of the country Negro's singing and make it individual.

Religion in America

THE MARCH OF FAITH: The Story of Religion in America since 1865. *By Winfred Ernest Garrison. New York: Harper & Brothers.* 1933. $2.50.

Reviewed by FELIX MORROW

TO write a history of American religion since 1865 is to begin at a point much less arbitrary than Mr. Garrison thinks it is. For with the termination of the Civil War, industrialism emerges triumphant; and no institution embraces new rulership more avidly than the churches. One of the best things in Mr. Garrison's book is his account of the church's role in the Reconstruction period; but he seems unaware of its full implications. The churches were the most enthusiastic supporters of the military dictatorship over the South which made it impossible for agrarian South and West to come together against the industrialists, and which enabled the business interests to consolidate their rule.

This support of what was essentially a dictatorship of the manufacturing class was but the prelude to the church's sanctification of the new masters. Adoring references to the "stewardship of God's wealth" accompanied the growing prosperity of the churches at the steward's hands. Though here and there some of the more sophisticated churchmen began to feel that such sanctification of the industrial barons was overly Philistine, the barons were soon thoroughly in control of the churches. The epoch, since 1865, of the rise and maturity of modern capitalism has been one in which the churches, quite openly, have been the handmaidens of the ruling class. Though hangovers from the anti-ecclesiastical, conventicle, and lower-class origins of the Protestant sects still receive articulation, the churches have become powerful, enormously rich ecclesiastical domains bound up with business interests.

To call this period the "march of faith" is certainly a misnomer. Mr. Garrison's volume has many virtues as historical writing of an unsystematic character, but it shares the blatant optimism of the constant torrent of books on religion, which is particularly objectionable in one like Mr. Garrison who recognizes that the church's role is necessarily political and social. I have been reading many of the religious books appearing since the depression, but still have to find any real recognition of the contradiction between the church's moral claims and its actual functions. How long will the social minded spokesmen of the churches continue to repeat their hopes for the role of the church in social reconstruction, while the churches themselves continue to be a bulwark of present social chaos? What is the worth, for example, of the oft-expressed repentance for the church's jingoism in the World War, when a holocaust has been raging for four years which has reduced many to untold suffering, and no significant section of the churches has even come out to demand in specific terms that toilers and unemployed have a right to be fed?

Though one expects little from the churches on any level of the impending struggle between haves and have-nots, one does begin to wonder how the "social minded" churchmen can continue blandly unconscious of their impasse. Perhaps a partial explanation, in Mr. Garrison's case, is a sheer inability to recognize what is basically important. Here is his list of "present problems": prohibition, and disarmament, and social and economic reforms, and divorce."

A Scholarly Work

A HISTORY OF SPANISH PAINTING. By Chandler Rathfon Post. Vol. IV., pts. 1 and 2. The Hispano-Flemish School in Northwestern Spain. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. 1933. 2 *vols.*

Reviewed by FRANK JEWETT MATHER

WITH unabated zeal and caretaking Professor Post conducts his general survey of Spanish painting. The Hispano-Flemish schools of the later fifteenth and entire sixteenth century are intrinsically the deadest chapter of the chronicle, yet they afford very interesting problems of the transmission and transformation of foreign influence. There never was a more complete surrender to an exotic style than the painters of Castile and Leon made at this period.

As Professor Post clearly points out, the Northern Spanish compliment of imitation was merely the extreme phase of the penetration of Flemish realism throughout Europe. Such a conquest was possible only because of the lack of a strong and coherent school. Catalonia and Valencia, which had earlier made their own synthesis, were relatively early immune from the Flemish fashion. But it dominated Madrid, Burgos, Avila, and Zaragosa, and that Aragonese outpost, Naples. Although Jan Van Eyck's visit to Spain in 1428-29 was too brief and occupied to leave an abiding impression, it is certain that many Flemish painters visited Spain during the fifteenth century, while, of those who stayed at home, few of the great Netherlanders, from Rogier de la Pasture to Jerome Bosch, failed to find patronage in Spain. On the whole the austere or grotesque masters of Haarlem and Tournai were preferred to the more courtly and urbane artists of Bruges and Antwerp. Dirk Bouts, Campin, and Rogier are the leaders, though their wide following is generally of a feeble sort. Hugo van der Goes, except Bosch, the Flemish master of highest intensity, is constantly consulted. Many of his works were in Spain.

The movement was accelerated and emphasized by royal patronage. Isabella of Aragon owned numerous Flemish pan-

The AMEN CORNER

"There is no writing too brief that, without obscurity, comprehends the intent of the writer"—Thomas Campion.[1]

With the limited space at our disposal we feel that no better motto could be found than this sentence with which Mr. Ben Ray Redman starts the delightful little anthology *Reading at Random*[2]—a collection "innocent of arrangement" gleaned during his wanderings through the library of the *World's Classics*,[3] that most satisfactory series. As Mr. Christopher Morley says, "If by some typothetical convulsion all series of reprints except one were to be deleted from the shelves of this planet, the one to be preserved should be the World's Classics of the Oxford Press."

Here are riches in profusion, as a glance into Mr. Redman's anthology will show—a passage from Alexander Smith's *Dreamthorp*[2] (one of Mr. Morley's favorites, too), a sonnet of Shakespeare's,[4] a typical bit of Montaigne,[5] a dash of Trollope,[6] a longish extract from the *Voyage of a Naturalist*,[7] and two lines from Herrick on "kissing" and "bussing."[8]

Suddenly we come upon "Mrs. Jennings was a widow, with an ample jointure,"[9] and we are ready to forget all. There is nothing to do but to leave Mr. Redman for the moment and go to Jane's own volume. (Decorum would doubtless dictate "Miss Austen.") All her important works are in the handy series, to be carried in the pocket of the "Janeite." At home, of course, he will have on his shelves Mr. R. W. Chapman's beautiful authoritative edition,[10] and his *Letters of Jane Austen*,[11] the completest edition in existence—or, indeed, imaginable. He and the Oxford Press have recently placed us further in their debt by bringing out a hitherto unpublished production of the juvenile Miss Austen, *Volume the First*.[12] "Jane Austen," says the *New York Times*, "once wrote to her 12-year old niece advising her to cease writing till she was 16 because, she said, she herself had often wished she had read more and written less in the corresponding years. Whatever her reasons, we cannot agree with them. For it is to this habit of hers that *'Volume the First'* . . . owes its delightful existence."

We must be brief, but we cannot forbear quoting the delicious title of one of the gems in this volume—"THE GENEROUS CURATE: a moral Tale, setting forth the Advantages of being Generous and a Curate"—and closing with the *Epitaph* of the fair Charlotte who accepted two gentlemen at once:

"*Here lies our friend who having promis-ed*
That unto two she would be marri-ed
Threw her sweet Body and her lovely face
Into the Stream that runs thro' Portland Place."

THE OXONIAN.

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els, still preserved in part in the Cathedral of Grenada. They included Rogier, Bouts, and Memling. Adaptations of the Flemish manner in Spain run from actual copysm,—Professor Post identifies an exact copy of a tiny Jan Van Eyck,—to assimilation of the northern figure style with the old Spanish decorative tradition. It is a pretty dreary art—that of the Gallegos, Masters of Burgos, etc. Only the author's devotion as a specialist could maintain the level of placid interest and curiosity at which he unfailingly writes. Now and then a reader is caught by an expressive detail, only to remind himself that the best Spanish character painting of this style is, on the most favorable estimate, hardly as good as that of third rate Italian provincial painters—say Cozzarelli or Niccolò Alunno.

On the scholarly side Professor Post follows that tradition of probity, cautiousness, and thoroughness which marks the many encyclopedic works which proceed from Harvard. Such a book is simply a boon to the specialist, and especially a godsend to the harassed graduate student envisaging a general examination. It is a survey of a relatively new and neglected field, a book of pioneer spade-work like that of Crowe and Cavalcasello for Italy, seventy years ago. Indeed the author combines in his own person many of the qualities and some of the defects of these two famous path breakers. The fluid condition of the subject may be judged by the fact that these two new volumes offer no less than 160 pages of necessary addenda to the first three.

Science and Scientists

PHILOSOPHICAL ASPECTS OF CONTEMPORARY SCIENCE. By C. E. M. Joad. New York: The Macmillan Company. $3.75.

Reviewed by F. S. C. NORTHROP

IT is well to remember that science involves the knower as well as the known. And theory which science proposes must provide for the existence of scientists and their knowledge of that which their theories prescribe. In addition, scientists, being human beings, are concerned with what ought to be as well as what is. Hence any adequate scientific doctrine must eventually provide a theory of knowledge and of values.

This book of Mr. Joad's brings the scientific conceptions of Jeans, Eddington, and Russell into conjunction with these two matters. The reader will find it the best introduction by way of science to the epistemological issues with which philosophers concern themselves. No book gives one a better sense of the importance and natural relevance of these more technically professional issues. If philosophers are prone to overemphasize the importance of epistemology, it is equally true that scientists and laymen neglect it. In "Philosophical Aspects of Contemporary Science," Mr. Joad treats this phase of the situation with consummate clarity and great effectiveness.

At no place does this appear more obviously than in his treatment of the position of Eddington. It is no exaggeration to say that when Mr. Joad gets through with the author of "The Nature of the Physical World," there is very little of the latter's position that can be found. What is true of Eddington holds also for Jeans, and, to a lesser extent, for Russell.

But to suggest that Mr. Joad's analysis is devastating, is not to say that his book fails to be constructive. In revealing the difficulties in the conceptions which he attacks, Mr. Joad takes one to the epistemological issue involved, and once having revealed this phase of the scientific situation, he proceeds to outline a positive theory. This theory is that the knowing relation in all phases of knowledge and in all fields of experience is always the same, and is such that the thing known is always other than the knowing subject. This thoroughgoing realism applies to sense data, perceptual objects, such as tables and chairs, scientific objects, such as electrons, and to esthetic and religious objects as well.

This epistemological theory leads him to a pluralistic theory of reality, and to some excellent comments on value. The latter item is worth consideration. Mr. Joad's fundamental thesis with reference to value is that the "idealistic theory" which would make it and the world of science a construction of the human mind degrades value and thereby degrades man. It is born, he holds, of a narrow anthropomorphism which would reduce all to the level of man, whereas value itself being other than man challenges human imperfections and spurs one on toward superhuman efforts. The same criticism against the "idealistic theory" of religion.

This bare summary should be sufficient to inform the reader that Mr. Joad's book possesses depth and importance, and provides a contribution to contemporary thought concerning the nature of things, which merits serious attention.

One warning may be given. The book tends to assume that the philosophical conceptions of Eddington and Jeans are representative of the philosophical outlook of contemporary science. Mr. Joad refers in his preface to Whitehead and regrets the omission of his ideas. This is a very serious omission and should temper the assumption emphasized in the last part of the book, that the conceptions of Eddington and the discoveries of modern science are synonymous.

Another warning must be noted. Mr. Joad's thesis is that we know only sense data immediately, and that these suggest to us physical objects such as tables and chairs which in turn suggest to us scientific objects such as electrons and protons. It is usual to call the immediately perceived world of sense data, the phenomenal world. For some unspecified reason Mr. Joad calls it the physical world. This forces him to give the world of physics with its tables and chairs and scientific objects a different title. Thus by a mere trick in the handling of nomenclature he seems to show that the world of physics is a non-physical world. The reader will not be misled by this use of terms.

Technique in Fiction

THE TWENTIETH CENTURY NOVEL. By J. W. Beach. New York: Appleton-Century. $3.50.

Reviewed by HARLAN HATCHER

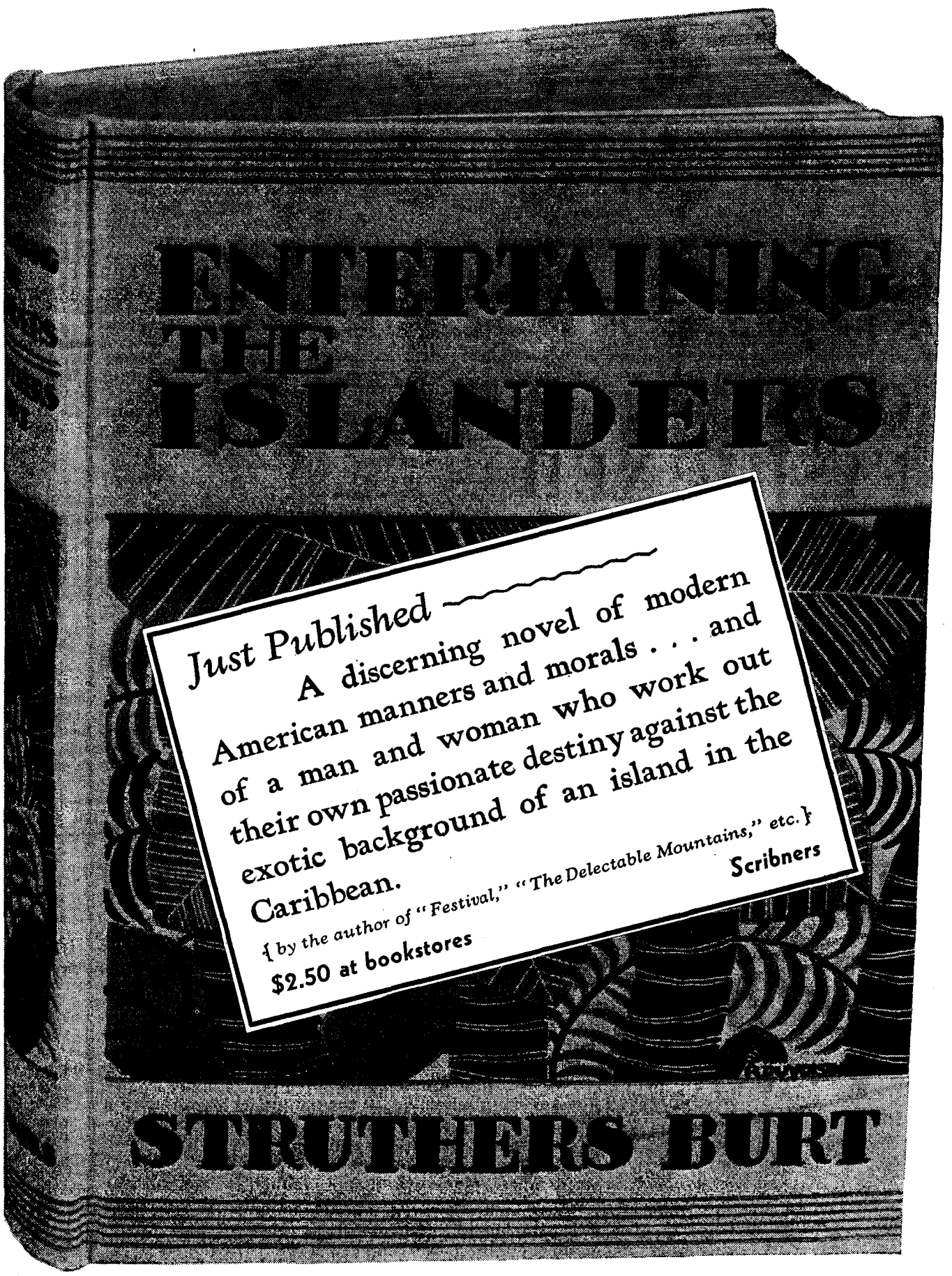
THIS book is good enough to make one wish it were much better. Its subject is the technique of the twentieth century novel, and that is a pertinent field for study during the last thirty years. Our novelists have experimented with seemingly every possible method for enlarging and enriching the form of fiction. Often they have been too far in advance of their readers who are, as a class, artistically lazy and sometimes hostile to the new. Any book that attempts to close this separation and to enrich the pleasure of the reader by broadening his understanding of the art behind a good novel must be praised for its worthy purpose.

Sometimes, and in its own way, this book is excellent. It covers an enormous field, including most of the great continental as well as the English and American novels. That is no light task. It also reaches back to Fielding and forward to the best seller current on the day of printing, with a section on Faulkner and a mention of "The Good Earth." It tries to isolate and classify the various methods and techniques which have developed in this complex and extensive mass of fiction.

In his discussions of disparate materials, Professor Beach displays a wide but discriminating taste and a fine sense for the technique of the novel. He does well by Dreiser in a particularly good chapter. The section on Joyce contains, within the limits of its space, the best discussion of the method of "Ulysses" that has so far appeared. Great praise must also be offered for the chapters on James, Conrad, and Lawrence, where keen literary criticism is united with an excellent technical analysis.

These things are so good that we wish the whole book were better. But it is not well written. It is rambling, academically talkative, and, in the first third, musty and weighted down with classroom notes on the Fielding to James writers. In this section particularly the style sprawls, and the reader is likely to be irritated by excessive classification and academic jargon.

Further dissatisfaction arises from a confusion of purpose. Much of the book is given over to brief reviews and plot summaries, although the announced purpose is a study of technique. These book notes are often deft, always competent, sometimes illuminating, but they are not always assimilated into the body of the work, and they sometimes seem to be mentioned merely for the sake of mentioning. Strangely enough, among all the novelists who swarm these pages, there is no mention of Ruth Suckow, Kay Boyle, nor Lionel Britton, who have done technically striking things in the novel. On the other hand, Dos Passos rates two complete chapters and a place beside Wassermann, not to mention nearly two score of briefer mentions throughout the book.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The New Books

Biography

THE STORY OF THE BORGIAS. By L. Collison-Morley. Dutton. 1933. $4.

The history of the Borgia family who gave Europe in the century of the Renaissance two popes, a choice collection of wasters and cutthroats, and finally a saint, is here gathered into a single compact and readable volume. Naturally the interest centers on the second pope of the family, Alexander VI, and his offspring, particularly the much married Lucrezia, and Machiavelli's hero, the egregious Cesare, and their familiar story occupies, in fact, nine-tenths of the book. Probably no three persons of their period have been so much written about with such inconclusive results. The disagreement about their characters and acts began in their lifetime and has continued ever since, and although Lucrezia has finally been cleared of the most lurid scandals concerning her, by the labors of Gregorovius whom Mr. Collison-Morley follows in the main, the most contradictory opinions about her father and brother are still vehemently asserted.

Through this maze of argument Mr. Collison-Morley picks his way, attending in the main to balancing the contemporary authorities, though, perhaps from a desire not to impede his narrative, he spends less time than one would wish in criticizing them. His method of judging the scandals about the Borgias is to believe about half of them, and this is perhaps as near to the truth as human fallibility can get with such conflicting evidence. But it leads to some queer results, such as the remark that the best reason to believe Cesare murdered his brother the Duke of Gandia is that no proof has ever turned up, or the decision that probably the Borgias did try to poison some people but that they were not very good at it. After all, Mr. Collison-Morley is guessing like the rest of us: he has studied the sources and read (*vide* his excellent bibliography) most of the secondary works. And he is still pretty much in the dark. He has not only failed to discover any new fact of importance—that was, perhaps, to be expected—but he has no clear picture in his own mind of these strange persons, no illuminating insight into their background and their problems and what they might have been. And this may be why the Borgias all seem rather pale and unreal in his pages, and why his book remains merely a competent and scholarly handbook instead of a contribution to knowledge or to our sympathetic understanding.

Fiction

THE PLEBEIAN'S PROGRESS. By Frank Tilsley. Covici-Friede. 1933. $2.25.

The depression has been in bloom long enough now to have borne literary fruit, and Mr Tilsley's novel is a substantial sample of what will undoubtedly be an ample harvest.

In essentials, it relates a tale of almost unmitigated hard luck that befell Allen Barclay, British subject, a young man dowered with sufficient intelligence to have, given the breaks, made his way through life successfully, according to current standards—that is, made a financial success of it. He not only does not make such a success, but he ends on the scaffold, and the progress of this plebeian the author makes convincing at every step, sensibly avoiding the implication that this end is inevitable for all, conditions being as they are.

There was a weak spot in Allen, but mostly he was bewildered. His first step downward came as the result of what we generally call bad luck, but of what Mr. Tilsley ascribes, perhaps justly, to the rottenness of the system. Thereafter, Allen's weakness assisted in his further degradation. A failure at selling accessories for a telephone (on a commission basis), vacuum cleaners, even shoe-shines, he ran the gamut of poverty and despair to land a small job as secretary to a restaurant corporation. By then, however, he was so deeply in debt that he could no longer resist the temptation to augment his income by paltry manipulation of the accounts. He intended to pay it back, God knows, but before he had a chance, he was found out. Despair crystallized, prosecution hung over him, hunger had undermined his stamina, he sought a way out, killed his wife, went to the gallows.

"The Plebeian's Progress" is more convincing as a tract than as a novel. It hammers home with passionate insistence facts that need no further emphasis, facts that still fail, as the author vehemently declares, to jar the majority of human beings out of their inertia. It is earnest, competent, interesting, and uninspired, and its failure as a work of art lies not in Mr. Tilsley's occasional tendency to be flip, nor in the indubitable truth of his assertions, nor his passionate allegiance to a cause, but merely in his failure to have assimilated his material, to have presented it in a perfect form, in his limitations as an artist.

MRS. BARRY. By Frederick Niven. Dutton. 1933. $2.50.

Remarkably integral in mood and execution, Mr Niven's novel quietly and persistently explores the character of its protagonist, Mrs. Barry, Glasgow widow and mother of one small son. It is the story of many lives, though focussed almost entirely on one—lives that pass unobtrusively from the cradle to the grave and call forth little attention to their passing.

Mrs. Barry had come down in life; once accustomed to affluence, penury found her just the same—unmoved to hysteria, eternally competent to make adjustments, eternally watchful for the welfare of her child. As far as it is humanly possible so to be, Mrs. Barry was completely selfless; she cared for her lodgers as zealously as she cared for her son. Only herself she neglected, but even death did not surprise or upset her. Forewarned by a month or so, she proceeded, in the same doggedly magnanimous fashion, to make provision for Neil, and then she passed.

That is the story—a story as unobtrusive as Mrs. Barry herself, that should not, however, pass unnoticed in the press of more sensational matter. "Mrs. Barry" is the expression of a mature though limited talent; solid and sincere in its presentation of virtues that have strangely come to be taken for granted despite their rare appearance on the surface of our lives, it deals competently with the life of one of the uunheralded millions that surround us every day.

THE RIFFIAN. By Carleton S. Coon. Little, Brown. 1933. $2.

This is the Odyssey of Ali the Jackal, a big, blond Riffian with the craft of Ulysses and a sense of humor terrifying in the extreme. Brought up in tribal exile near Fez to a contemptuous hatred for the French and a seething determination to reëstablish his tribe in the Rif, he joins the French army in order to steal three rifles and, before he can desert, is shipped to France to fight the Germans. Having killed eight Frenchmen from his post as sniper, and been decorated with the Croix de Guerre for the "capture" of the Germans among whom he is found wounded, he returns to Morocco and a series of tumultuous adventures.

Mr. Coon is an anthropologist, obviously familiar with his background. His evident knowledge, together with richness of detail and a certain undertone of bloody irony, lifts a loosely knit adventure story into something a good deal more than that.

THE WHEEL OF LIFE. By Hermynia Zur Mühlen. Translated by Margaret Goldsmith. Stokes. 1933. $2.

This novel, covering slightly less than a year in the life of an adolescent German girl, is more than slightly reminiscent of the anonymous "A Young Girl's Diary," to which Dr. Sigmund Freud saw fit to write a preface some years ago. Whereas that volume bore the stamp of indubitable authenticity, this work reeks with self-conscious naiveté—the self-consciousness of a presumably mature woman looking back at the naiveté of adolescence and aping it with little enough success.

Granted that the material is, as the jacket-blurb says, "of universal appeal," it is also of such peculiar fragility and is so remote from the conscious processes of the mature that it demands, for completely satisfactory representation, the full powers of unmistakable talent. Thomas Mann has achieved it in his long story, "Disorder and Early Sorrow." In her present novel, Fräulein Zur Mühlen has touched only its surface. Working from the outside, she has been unable to avoid self-consciousness, and in an attempt to reproduce the unconscious humor of the adolescent's reflections on the unknown world, has succeeded only in being slightly ludicrous. It is a sincere and painstaking at-

(*Continued on page* 100)

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The PHŒNIX NEST

By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

ROUND ABOUT PARNASSUS

IT seems to me that in "An Essay on Poetics" (Oxford University Press), the author, *Thaddeus Reamy Brenton,* cannot escape the charge of snobbishness.

> Form [he says] becomes established and purged of chance through years, or perhaps it were better to say centuries, of trial. It becomes orthodox through profound testing at the hands of, and long acceptance by, the right people, those people of sound scholarly attainments; of long, inbred, genuine culture; of fine experience in the intricacies of traditions; of practiced restraint which at last allows freedom of choice. Then, through correct acceptance, endurance, and its own repetition, form becomes sacred.

It perhaps explains a certain tediousness in the poetry of Lascelles Abercrombie, the well-known English poet, that that is the sort of thing he calls (in a brief foreword) "able and thorough and suggestive." There are certain key-words in Mr. Brenton's paragraph, "purged," "orthodox," "right people," "inbred, genuine culture," "intricacies of traditions," "correct acceptance," "sacred." One can see the high, narrow forehead, the prim lips, the slender finger-tips pressed together in a meditative mitre—the Oxford attitude. Anyone who can write thus of form as applied to that divine madness called poetry cannot claim understanding of poetry as a force. Poetry is the *un*orthodox thing, it is never understood at all by the "right people," it has nothing to do with the "inbred," it remoulds traditions to its own uses, it challenges "correct acceptance," its conception of "sacred" is frequently blasphemy to others. It seems late in the day to put a schoolmaster over poetry. Would it were possible to confront Mr. Brenton with a *living* Ben Jonson or Walt Whitman. The poets have ever warred with the schoolmasters. The academic has never done poetry a particle of good—only harm. Mr. Brenton may argue as persuadingly as he can against free verse, he may truly state that "Real originality does not consist in the breaking down of all old forms and established traditions," but to a poet reading his prim and studious asseverations concerning poetry, he lacks fundamental understanding. The poet feels toward that desiccated argument somewhat as Jesus Christ himself would feel if he ever listened to one of his suave, gentlemanly, and cultivated ministers on earth. In other words, there is a tremendous tendency to laugh in its face.

THE APOCALYPTIC TONGUE

Poetry is a certain kind of high explosive, just as the words of Jesus Christ are anarchic high explosive. I suppose I may have turned to poetry in youth because my forebears had long been associated with the Ordnance Department of the United States Army and hence accustomed to deal with high explosives. I agree with Mr. Brenton that poetry has suffered much deprivation at the hands of the Moderns. But this is largely because they have forgot what an explosive force it is. They write highly involved and tenuously intellectual prose, and think it is poetry.

New forms of any worth do depend upon the old, but the innovation of the new poet is bound at first to be regarded as the work of a barbarian in a shrine. Browning was that in his time. Swinburne was that. Most of our great have been so. At the end of his essay Mr. Brenton quotes Browning as having Fra Lippo Lippi say:

> *If you get simple beauty and naught else*
> *You get about the best thing God invents.*

Perhaps. But it was Browning's "posseting and cosseting" of his audience with "nettle-broth" that was his chief characteristic. He — Luther-like — "bloomed fables, flowers on furze." "Do roses stick like burrs?" You rarely get simple beauty in Browning, you usually get a tortuous presentation of beauty. The style is now familiar. But once it was almost incomprehensible. Browning was like a bull in a china-shop so far as Gautier's austere dicta concerning art were concerned.

MARBLE AND MAGNETISM

Mr. Brenton on the Greek marbles assumes the pose of an initiate. I myself do not regard Greek art as in the least the touchstone of the only true beauty. The professors can have it. I can sympathize with Mr. Cummings's "regard those busted statues, of yon motheaten forum be aware." Mr. Brenton may be pretty right in his main contention about poetic form —I suspect he is. His pages (22, 23, 24) on rhythm and balance in architecture, sculpture, and painting, are good enough. I agree with him that the poetic craft must be thoroughly learned. But the fact remains that his temper is instinctively resistent to experiment, to the violence always done to tradition by new and major poetry.

All this business of prosodic discussion and analysis of the beauties of Coleridge or Tennyson *after* the event, are really quite apart from poetry as known by the poet. It is a way of life, almost a religious experience, certainly an intoxication. Those alone who live with poetry in that sense produce major work. They are theorizers neither of the old nor of the new. Poetry is the stir of their being alive. The electrical shock of their work is instantaneous, though they write in classical couplets or free verse. For after all, it is the whole personality of the poet that is important. His change in method may beget new argument, and it will all be explained afterward and a theory erected upon it. But that is hardly his concern at the time he is writing his best work. For his best work is the best possible presentation of himself. And a new personality of unique magnetism, in the world, is a force of nature.

Such a conception of the poet is undoubtedly dangerous for little talents. I believe I have emphasized to boredom in this department the necessity for thorough knowledge of the tools of his craft by the beginning practitioner of verse. The major poets were never without this knowledge even unto scholarship. But the difference is that they can almost be said to have absorbed it through their pores.

FROM CALIFORNIA

From Hollywood, no other spot, peculiarly enough, comes this letter from that excellent Western poet, *Helen Hoyt:*

> I am supposing that you will not object to finding Zarathustra's cavern or "an illyrian eucalyptus" as you wander over your Parnassus, so I am taking the liberty to send you this book of "Thirty Pieces" by a young friend of ours, a nineteen-year-old Hungarian boy who is also a musician of some excellence as well as a poet.
>
> The sonatas with which the book opens were inspired by the Monterey coast where Lengyel was working last summer. I like the adagio, the wild blasphemies of the waves overthrowing the poet's images. The middle part of "Kinsmen" (page 28) expresses an idea one would hardly expect from the uncompassionateness of early manhood.

One hundred copies of *Cornel Lengyel's* "Thirty Pieces" have been published in Los Angeles by *Richard Hoffman,* or one may inquire concerning the book of *Helen Hoyt* and *W. W. Lyman,* 2042 North Beechwood Drive, Hollywood, California. The "Five Sonatas," the "Sonnets for Teresa," the other sonnets, and "Death at Point Lobos," contain occasional meritorious things, though there seems to be nothing I can exactly quote here. In "Rachmaninoff Plays an Encore," and "Borodin Entertains the Dawn," interesting atmosphere is created. For a young man of nineteen, these poems are genuinely promising. There is strength and exultation in some of them. I shall watch Mr. Lengyel's future work with particular interest. Already he has a mature accent. His lines have delicacy and flexibility.

WAR NARRATIVE

Marc LeClerc's "Honorably Discharged," translated by *John Heard* (Boston: Bruce Humphries, Inc.), deserves a belated note. In France the poem caused some discussion, and won the Jean Revel Prize. Originally written in the Anjou dialect, it necessarily loses a certain pungency through translation, but a copy of the first edition of 1000 copies will reveal an entertaining colloquial poem. The state of mind revealed by the poem, says André Morize in his "Introduction," is peculiar to the French peasant. He calls it "a direct, friendly and personally familiar relationship with the Saints, with the Angels and even with the Supreme Divinity."

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It is with real satisfaction that THE SATURDAY REVIEW announces that Miss AMY LOVEMAN has consented to institute a new department in the magazine, to be called THE CLEARING HOUSE. We shall miss Mrs. May Lamberton Becker, who has presented her resignation after conducting THE READERS' GUIDE for nine years in THE SATURDAY REVIEW; but we are fortunate in being able to bring to the cause of literary advice and information an able and well-stocked mind that for years has labored, unofficially, in the service of so many thousands who will not need to be reminded of a sympathetic approach, sound critical judgment, and the modesty which distinguishes the true scholar.

Miss LOVEMAN's training and experience are an assurance that THE CLEARING HOUSE of information and opinion in the world of books which she will create will become unique in this country. She has been an associate in the preparation of encyclopedias, she reviewed books for the *New York Evening Post* under Oswald Garrison Villard. She is chairman of the Preliminary Reading Committee of The Book-of-the-Month Club. She was Associate Editor of the old *Literary Review,* and for nine years has held the same position on THE SATURDAY REVIEW. For fifteen years writers, readers, scholars and executives have been coming to her for private advice, which will now become public.

THE CLEARING HOUSE itself, its scope and its purposes are described in the first installment of the new department, on the page opposite this announcement. Its development will be in accord with every literary need of the readers of THE SATURDAY REVIEW. Write to Miss AMY LOVEMAN at our offices at 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

The Saturday Review of LITERATURE

The New Books

(*Continued from page* 98)

tempt that has failed only, and irrevocably, through its authoress's lack of complete self-projection.

THE SUMMER FLOOD. By Goronwy Rees. Day. 1933. $2.50.

A love story in the modern mood—it delves intricately into the more complex emotional relationships—Mr. Rees's first novel remains disappointing despite its felicitous style and its thoroughly intelligent outlook. The experienced reader, on turning the last page, will feel that it is, in some inexplicable fashion, cut and dried, that it is the product of a preconceived plan carried through with deadening, if theoretically admirable, deliberation.

An authentic theme—the mutual inability of two lovers to fuse, through their mutually intricate emotional processes—has been botched in the making by a lack of projection on the part of its creator. The recurrently frustrated youth of modern literature is present once more, and once more the dilemma remains unresolved.

Miscellaneous

CITIES OF SIN. By Hendrik De Leeuw. Smith & Haas. 1933. $2.50

This volume attempts to bridge the gap between the patent respectability of a sociological treatise and an exotic, lurid exposé of the deplorable state of chastity in Yokohama, Hongkong, Shanghai, Macao, Port Said, and Singapore. It might well have been entitled: "All That Can Be Told." Beyond that rather indefinable point, the author and publisher could not well go. But enough is trotted out to insure a good sale. After being conducted by Dr. de Leeuw on an exhaustive personal tour of the most noted resorts in the above-named cities, and introduced to a number of personal cases, the reader runs abruptly into an appendix of facts and figures compiled from the League of Nations report upon the Traffic in Women and Children in the East. But enough is enough. The author has made his experiences authentic enough and has introduced sufficient facts to convince one that a woman's will and a woman's body are held very lightly in the East.

Mr. De Leeuw does not inquire into causes. He does not state, for example, that the primary cause for the traffic in women is the congestion of population, which gives rise to economic pressure. He is not curious regarding the relative chastity of races, as influenced by environment. That, perhaps, is not within the scope of the work, but it sets one to reflecting that one of the most chaste of races, the American Indian, lived in a wild state and dangerously; he was careful to conserve his strength for battle for he never knew when he would be called upon to defend himself from death by combat. The planes and the forests were his to roam and until the white man came he never understood the meaning of poverty. Civilization came on and swept him away. Another race, which sells its female children into bondage as prostitutes, today sets up a claim as one of the five Great Powers. All of which may lead to more speculation. The author has revealed the uses and abuses of chastity where women are not free, and makes it plain that woman herself must emerge to strike off the chains since it is the interest of man in the Near and Far East to bind them tighter.

Psychology

SEVEN PSYCHOLOGIES. By Edna Heidbreder. Appleton-Century. 1933. $3.

Within its acknowledged limitations of selection and treatment, this survey is a creditable performance. It presents prominent systems of psychology in their bearing upon American thought, with a retrospective survey to lead up to the modern approaches. It is definitely academic, better suited to the student than to generally interested readers who, though invited to the feast of discussion, may not accept. The seven psychologies are structuralism with its Mecca at Ithaca; the Psychology of William James, honored by having no system tag on his contribution; Functionalism, domiciled at Chicago; Behaviorism, starting there but thereafter bearing the passport photograph of Watson; Dynamic Psychology, nurtured at Columbia; *Gestalt,* made in Germany, and Psychoanalysis, self-sufficiently distinctive.

Despite apologetic disclaimers, there is a commitment in the selection and still more so in the treatment. The very emphasis on enumeration sets the stage, leaving uncertain the plot of the play. Objectivity is not a panaceal virtue. The traveler through these four hundred pages is entitled to guidance as to the significance of the countries through which his tour is conducted. Signpost psychology is out of date.

The influence of Stanley Hall, who is not even mentioned in the index, was in many ways the widest of any except James; and because his thought, like that of James, would be cramped by a single label-thought—"genetic" would suggest its primary *motif*—it is more truly modern and enduring. The deviations from Freud are as significant as Freud himself. Why omit them because "we are seven"? The demand for parties and debates, and the interest in controversies, is not particularly helpful, though housecleaning and stocktaking are necessary measures. The welfare of psychology is conditioned upon the diminuendo of 'isms and 'ologies and the crescendo of a unitary, inclusive concept of purpose and method. Parties, sects, cults, and schools we shall always have with us; their ready assumption of leadership disturbs the essential story of progress of so contentious a science as psychology. Many well trained minds, disappointed with the course of psychology, are tempted to cry: A plague on all your houses! Without dignifying that impatience, one may advocate a critique of psychology pure and practical, is the distinctive need. For orientation in that desideratum, this compilation will prove useful.

Latest Books Received

BELLES LETTRES

The Pre-Raphaelite Comedy. F. Bickley. Holt. $2.50.

BIOGRAPHY

A Cop Remembers. C. Willemse. Dut. $3. *Watching the World Go By.* W. J. Abbot. Little, Br. $3. *England's Elizabeth.* M. Waldman. Houghton. $3.50. *Portrait of Mrs. Siddons.* N. Royde-Smith. Viking. $3. *Music Masters in Miniature.* G. C. Jell. Scrib. $2. *A Stuart Sketch Book.* H. F. Wallace. Scrib.

DRAMA

End and Beginning. J. Masefield. Macmil. *Representative American Dramas.* Ed. Montrose J. Moses. Little, Br. $4.50. *English Drama,* 1580-1642. Heath. $4.

FICTION

Mingled Yarn. W. M. John. Sears. $2. *Two Black Sheep.* W. Deeping. Knopf. $2.50. *The Delicate Fire.* N. Mitchison. Harcourt. $2.50. *Motley and Mr. Pinck.* P. Choate. Apple. $1.75. *Back Numbers.* J. Lincoln. Coward. $2. *Peter Abelard.* H. Waddell. Holt. $2.50. *Chinese Love Song.* J. Van Dyke. Double. $2. *Love's A Puzzle.* F. Baldwin. Farrar. $2 net. *Dona Celestis.* E. M. Dell. Put. $2. *Benvenuto Cellini and His Florentine Dagger.* V. Thadeus. Farrar. $3.50. *A Gay Family.* E. Boileau. Dut. $2. *The Mere Living.* B. B. Spiro. Stokes $2. *Bacchus Behave!* A. Whitaker. Stokes. $1.25. *Entertaining the Islander.* S. Burt. Scrib. $2.50.

HISTORY

Men and Women of the French Revolution. J. M. Whitham. Vik. $3.75. *The Company of the Indies in the Days of Duplex.* W. H. Dalgliesh. Easton, Pa.: Chemical Pub. Co. *Peacemaking.* H. Nicolson. Houghton. $4.50. *Persia.* Sir A. Wilson. Scrib. $5.

JUVENILE

Football Plays for Boys. R. H. Barbour and La Mar Sarra. Apple. $1.25. *Goal to Go.* R. H. Barbour. Apple. $2. *The Boy Scouts Yearbook of Ghost and Mystery Stories.* Ed. F. K. Mathiews. Apple. $2. *Ritchie of the News.* W. Heyliger. Apple. $2. *South Sea Playmates* R. L. Eskridge. Bobbs. $1.50. *Cinder.* E. Youmans. Bobbs. $1. *Snipp, Snapp, Snurr and the Magic Horse.* M. Lindman. Chicago: Whitman. $1. *Smoky the Lively Locomotive.* W. Schulz. Chicago: Whitman. $1. *Tatters and Scraps.* Bortnyik Sándor. Chicago: Whitman. $1.50. *The Golden Cat Head.* M. King. Chicago: Whitman. $1.50. *The Timber Trail.* M. Chapman. Apple. $2. *Renfrew's Long Trail.* L. York Erskine. Apple. $2. *Peter, Katrinka's Brother.* H. E. Haskell. Dut. $2.

The Seven Crowns. E. F. Lattimore. Harcourt. $1.75. *Junket Is Nice.* D. Kunhardt. Harcourt. $1. *King of the Hills.* S. B. Meader. Harcourt. *Against the Jungle.* T. Williamson. Houghton. $2. *Phari.* M. E. Buckingham. Scrib. $2.50. *The Happy Grove.* Y. Kang. Scrib. $2. *Rhodes of the 94th.* F. N. Litten. Sears. $2. *From the Jungle to the Zoo.* C. Person. Daye. $1.50.

MISCELLANEOUS

Name It. J. Gray and Lloyd. Stokes. $1. *Nervous Breakdown.* W. B. Wolfe. Farrar. $2.50. *The Protestant Churches and the Industrial Crises.* E. B. Chaffee. Macmil. $2. *The Art of Happiness.* H. D. Sedgwick. Bobbs. $2. *Ethical Systems and Legal Ideals.* F. S. Cohen. Falcon. $3.75. *The Making of Geography.* R. E. Dickinson and O. J. R. Howarth. Oxford Univ. Pr. $3. *How to Stay Young.* R. H. Rose. Funk. $1.50. *American Wines.* P. M. Wagner. Knopf. $2. *Strange Animals and Their Ways.* R. and Frederica de Sola. Scrib. $1.50. *The Conway.* J. Masefield. Macmil. $3.50. *Life in the United States.* Scrib. $2.50.

POETRY

Selected Poems. E. G. Booth. Longmans. *The Best Loved Religious Poems.* J. G. Lawson. Revell. $1.75. *A July Afternoon and Other Poems.* R. S. Pub. by the author, 211 Seward Pl., Schenectady, N. Y. 25 cents. *English Romantic Poets.* Ed. J. Stephens, E. L. Beck, and R. H. Snow. Am. Book Co. $3. *The Prelude.* W. Wordsworth. Ed. E. de Selincourt. Oxford Univ. Pr. $1.50.

PSYCHOLOGY

Consciousness Brain-Child. East Cleveland, O.

RELIGION

American Preachers of Today. E. DeWitt Jones. Bobbs. $2. *Epochs in the Life of Simon Peter.* A. T. Robertson. Scrib. $1.75.

SCIENCE

The Logic of Science. W. G. Ballantine. Crowell. *Life in the Making.* A. F. Guttmacher. Vik. $2.75.

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The Clearing House

Conducted by AMY LOVEMAN

Inquiries in regard to the choice of books should be addressed to MISS LOVEMAN, c/o *The Saturday Review*. A stamped and addressed envelope should be enclosed for reply.

MOSTLY INTRODUCTORY

"OH, Sairey, Sairey, little do we know what lays before us!" But we're all agog at the prospect of conducting a readers' guide, and duly envious of the skill of Mrs. Becker who preceded us. To step into the title which she has made so thoroughly her own would be to walk in a long shadow. We have got out of the difficulty by the simple device of assuming a new name for our columns. We have chosen the name The Clearing House because we hope that our department may serve as a forum of exchange for the information, the inquiries, indeed, for the perplexities which are so constant an accompaniment of reading. It is to be first and foremost a kind of home librarian, a source from which may be derived advice as to books in their many aspects, —as tools for work, as aids to understanding of contemporary conditions, as companions of a leisure hour. We hope that at times our readers themselves may take a hand in the game of questions and answers, and to that end we plan to publish each week, when once we get under way, certain of the queries whose answers we have not yet tracked to their lair and which may rush to the minds of others. We hope, too, that the department will serve as a sort of port of missing memories, the harbor in which will be found the name of some half-remembered volume, the whereabouts of characters whose abode has slipped from recollection. We want it to be a guide to the club or association preparing a season's program, to the individual planning a course of reading, to the traveller seeking advice on what books will be useful preliminary guides to his trip. We'd like it to be something of a gossip shop, with news of work in progress in the literary world, comment on authors, and some accounts of their lives and personalities. We hope that it may prove useful to research workers in tracing some perhaps untapped sources of information, and furnishing a means to knowledge of what material may be available for their labors. In short we want it to be what we call it, a clearing house for all sorts of questions about books, their writers, and their writers to be.

And so to business.

MACAULAY ON THE CHURCH

"Every schoolboy," in Macaulay's phrase, has read at least one sentence of the paragraph to which *A. J. B. of River Pines, Stevens Point, Wisconsin,* refers when she asks in which of Macaulay's essays he comments on the endurance of the Catholic Church. For it was in his review of Ranke's "History of the Popes," originally published in October, 1840, in the *Edinburgh Review*, and since again and again included in text books and collections of essays, that Macaulay wrote:

> The Papacy remains, not in decay, not a mere antique; but full of life and youthful vigor. The Catholic Church . . . saw the commencement of all the governments, and of all the ecclesiastical establishments, that now exist in the world; and we feel no assurance that she is not destined to see the end of them all. . . . And she may still exist in undiminished vigor when some traveller from New Zealand shall, in the midst of a vast solitude, take his stand on a broken arch of London Bridge to sketch the ruins of St. Paul's.

That mythical traveller from New Zealand has acquired a celebrity which few flesh and blood journeyers have ever approached. If A. J. B. wants to read the essay in which he makes his appearance in its entirety she can find it in Volume II of "Macaulay's Critical and Historical Essays," edited by A. J. Grieve, in the Everyman's Library Series issued by Dutton, or in the volume in the Oxford Standard Authors Series entitled "Macaulay's Historical Essays" (Oxford University Press), and of course in the Houghton Mifflin "Critical and Historical Essays." This last, the best modern edition of Macaulay, is in three volumes sold only as a set. It might be a wise provision against the time when leisure is to be the boon or the despair of all of us to lay in a set of Macaulay. There's an author who has suffered an eclipse which surely must be only temporary. It may be heresy in this day, when to be detached is to possess the first essential of a good historian, not to look askance on Macaulay's fiery partisanship. But there's much to be said for the urgency which history acquires when written with fine, sturdy prejudices, so long, of course, as it is illuminated by the erudition and vitalized by the style of a Macaulay. We can imagine no more delightful occupation for an idle day than plunging into his "History of England," or rereading his "Clive" or "Warren Hastings," and by way of variety turning to his essays on Milton and Madame D'Arblay. And if anyone thinks Macaulay is too brilliant and too cocksure (it was John Morley who said of him that "he wished he could be as cocksure of anything as Macaulay is of everything") for tenderness, let him look up that brief and touching poem entitled "Epitaph on a Jacobite's Grave." There's true pathos.

AN ARTIST-AUTHOR

And now having delivered ourself of a pet enthusiasm we pass on to the query of *L. R. H. of Winter Haven, Texas,* who wants to know the name of the book by Claire Spencer which followed her "Gallows Orchard." "The Quick and the Dead," published in 1932 by Smith & Haas at $2.50, is the second and last novel to have come from the pen of Miss Spencer. Unlike the first, which was a story of Scotland and of a few characters who lived intensely and suffered grievously, this later tale was a highly sophisticated story of New York's artistic circles, a book built around confusion and itself confused. Somehow Miss Spencer's clarity of perception and clear-cut precision of characterization so notable in "Gallows Orchard" failed her in "The Quick and the Dead." Not because she did not know her scene, for she is as familiar with the New York life she describes as with the Scotland which she knew in her girlhood. An interesting person, Claire Spencer, with her striking appearance, her pointed and penetrating comments, her painter's appreciation of the external aspect of things, and her scrupulousness of workmanship. Something highly unusual may yet come from her.

FUNERAL OF THE UNGRAMMATIC

Next in order on our list is the request of *C. M. B. of Springfield, Ill.*, for a grammar on the order of Long's "College Grammar," that is a book which would prove useful to "one who learned his English grammar in Latin class." Not trusting to our own imperfect knowledge of what is best and most authoritative in textbooks we dispatched our cheerful and energetic assistant, Ruth Flint, henceforth to be known as our Alter Ego, to the sources of such information. To our great delight her report confirmed our own predilection for what to us is the best and most entertaining of all books on language, "Modern English Usage" (Oxford University Press), by H. W. Fowler. Only to dip into it is to be fascinated, and to read of the split infinitive or of malapropisms is to discover how learning can be made to wear a gracious or a merry aspect. However, Fowler's handbook is a grammar only by implication, and C. M. B., we take it, wants something more of a textbook. The "Grandfather" of all such works, according to Alter Ego's informant, is "The Grammar of English Grammars," by Goold Brown, published by William Wood & Company of New York, and now in its tenth edition. This is too advanced for the general reader, but one of the best available reference books. More suitable for his purposes is "A Working Grammar of the English Language," by James C. Fernald (Funk & Wagnalls) or its condensation, "English Grammar Simplified," and Edwin C. Wooley's "New Handbook of Composition" (Heath), revised in 1926. There has just come into our office C. H. Ward's "Grammar for Composition" (Scott, Foresman), which on a rapid survey looks like a valuable and useful volume. Incidentally back of the non-committal initials of its author lurks the highly popular writer, Henshaw Ward.

MODERN DAMON AND PYTHIAS

Space lacks for a reply to more than one more question, and that is the inquiry of *P. B. Van S. of Des Moines, Ia.*, for information concerning Norman Hall. "While reading a review in a recent issue by Norman Hall," he writes, "I wondered how he happened to move to the South Seas after

(*Continued on next page*)

An Outline of History-to-Come

H. G. Wells,

whose great survey of mankind's *past* *"The Outline of History"* has sold over 1,000,000 copies, now writes an amazing imaginative history of man's *future*—of the next century and a half when the world as we know it will be obliterated and reformed, in

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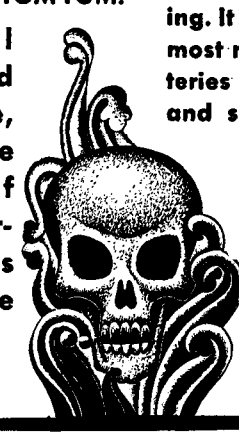

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MURDER IN TRINIDAD

a mystery novel by

JOHN W. VANDERCOOK

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Foreign Literature

Sailing to Byzantium

WORDS FOR MUSIC PERHAPS AND OTHER POEMS. By W. B. Yeats. Dublin: The Cuala Press. 1933.

Reviewed by PADRAIC COLUM

MR. YEATS is that survival amongst us — a Representative Man. He survives from a period long anterior to the date of his birth, from the time when a man had a role, fitted himself for it, and respected himself and was respected according to his ability to sustain it—when the King, Judge, the Priest, the Artist were recognizable types. Nowadays the roles are mixed up—the King wants to be a functionary, the Judge a director of conscience, the Artist a business man. The Priest remains but only through the discipline of the Catholic Church. I take these views from M. Jacques Maritain who has written, "It is Œdipus who buries Polyneices, Antigone who confronts the Sphinx, Phædre who falls in love with Romeo, and the Moor of Venice who laughs at the sonnet of Oronte. It is useless to add that such parts are badly played and developed all wrong." Well, Mr. Yeats is one of the very few men of our time who has not confused his part with another's: he has sustained the role of poet as a man of another age would have sustained it. No poet writing in English has done this consistently. No other poet, it may be added, has brought fresh elements into his poetry so often, renewing his work by new idioms, new rhythms, new material from youth to middle age and beyond middle age. In the volume previous to the present one, such poems as "Sailing to Byzantium" and "Song out of a Play" have such freshness and energy as if they had been written by a poet making his first discoveries.

He has now reached the age when, turning from passion and regret, he would create an art than would be a talisman against mortality. He would settle in Byzntium—Byzantium being where life takes influence from systems of thought that have come out of profound meditation and abstract art that has come out of a long labor. He has come to that place in the first poem in "Words for Music Perhaps":

> The unpurged images of day recede,
> The Emperor's drunken soldiery are a-bed.

and now one can be aware that—

> A starlit or a moonlit dome distrains
> All that man is,
> All mere complexities,
> The fury and the mire of human veins.

But can a poet who has reason to know himself for an Irishman really make the sailing to Byzantium?

> Out of Ireland have we come—
> Great hatred, little room
> Maimed us at the start—
> I carry from my mother's womb
> My fanatic heart.

And that, too, is well. Mr. Yeats cannot remain a courtier in any porphery palace: even into the Emperor's teeth he would fling his conviction that the poet's ecstasy comes from something beside contemplation—"What theme had Homer but original sin?" and he would remind him that the words that are the prelude to all songs, systems, civilizations were spoken to "battle-wearied men"—

> Wheels by milk-white asses drawn
> Where Babylon or Nineveh
> Rose; some conqueror drew rein
> And cried to battle-wearied men,
> "Let all things pass away."

One can find defects in this poetry. There is an insistance on bare opinion in one or two of the poems. Declaring that Swift, Berkeley, Goldsmith, and Burke hated Whiggery "whether they knew or not," the poet defines Whiggery as "a levelling, rancorous, rational sort of mind." This is an opinion that should be given a prose statement. Then, but this is true of only one poem in the present volume, there is the mixing of a singular sort of vision with a reflectiveness that does not seem to be congruous with it. There is the vision of the tree that is "half all glittering flame and half a green abounding foliage moistened with the dew," and we understand this part of the poem, the first verse, as we understand certain difficult symbolist poetry, and there is the third verse, which is gnomic, telling us that all works of faith and intellect should be made to be judged by such

> as come
> Proud, open-eyed and laughing to the tomb.

And between are maxims that we are asked to meditate on—

> All women dote upon an idle man,
> Although their children need a rich estate;
> No man has ever lived that had enough
> Of children's gratitude or women's love.

These maxims are true, but their truth is on a different level from—

> And he that Attis's image hangs between
> That string fury and the blind lush leaf
> May know not what he knows but knows not grief

of the first verse. These differences make for incoherency.

These later poems of Mr. Yeats's differ from what every other poet of today is writing in having manful energy. Poems like "Conquerors," "The Mother of God," "Remorse for Intemperate Speech," and the "Crazy Jane" series have a tang of laughter and wrath. Before everybody else's these are Songs of Experience.

National Socialism

GESCHICHTE DES NATIONAL-SOZIALISMUS: Karriere einer Idee. By Konrad Heiden. Berlin: Rowohlt Verlag. 1933.

THIS book bears every sign of having been written and published some time before the triumph of the National Socialist Party in Germany. It has various critical and satirical touches, such as stating that Hitler the orator on one occasion spoke like an *alter Bierhausstammgast*, which would have ensured its prompt suppression during the past three or four months; it also describes the leader of the National Socialist Movement as "vain to the point of madness," and although Herr Heiden adds that Goethe, Napoleon, and Bismarck were the same, it is hardly likely that the qualifications would conciliate the average Nazi. The general point of view of the book, too, is that of a liberal, even a radical, believer in freedom, and from such a source a favorable, even a really impartial, judgment on the National Socialist Movement is scarcely to be expected. Herr Heiden's explanation of the rise to domination of the poor official's son is not adequate—let that be said at the outset. But except for the purely propagandist productions of the Party itself, not even in Hitler's own book, "Mein Kampf," which, although recently republished, dates from 1927—does there exist any regular account of the origins and development of National Socialism in Germany.

Herr Heiden calls it the history of an "idea," but it resolves itself for the most part into the history of a person, of Adolf Hitler. It is true—Hitler himself admits it—that he did not invent the National Socialist idea or draw up its program. But after he had attached himself to the movement which was later to emerge as the German National Socialist Party, it was he who gave it direction, impetus, ambition, desire to dominate. The germs of National Socialism, as Herr Heiden shows, were present in the Pan-German program which was drawn up during the war, when Hitler was getting wounded or gassed and winning the Iron Cross on the Somme. Although an Austrian born, he had elected to fight in the Bavarian Army. Early convinced that only by the break-up of the Hapsburg Empire with its Slavophil tendencies could the racial reunion of all Germans be successfully accomplished, Adolf Hitler had been unwilling to fight for Austria. His boyhood and youth in Vienna had intensified his Germanism, had awakened his antipathy to the Jews, and had given him a certain sympathy for the working-class movement which, he was convinced, was being led astray by "Marxism" and Jewish radicals.

He pursued the same line of thought after the war. The Pan-Germans who had hoped to win the war devoted themselves to the campaign of resistance against the Bolshevik insurrections which were so frequent in the years after the Armistice. Hitler took part in this; he engaged, while still serving in the Army, in an "educational" campaign, during which he not only discovered his gift of popular oratory, but came to the conviction that in the doctrines of one Gottfried Feder lay the basis for a new party. Feder was an engineer turned economist; he had elaborated a theory of the essential distinction between the productive and purely speculative functions of capital, and he had joined the "German Workers' Party," which had been founded in 1919 by a workman named Drexler. The combination of extreme nationalism with an advanced economic doctrine, hardly distinguishable in certain respects from communism, met the need of the time; it promised to gather support from the two extreme reactions which had settled in Germany after the war. It appealed to the hatred of the Peace Treaty and dictation by Jewish "international finance," but it also attracted, with its slogan of "Down with the enemies of proletarian Germany," the radical elements. Hitler joined the party, from which was to come his own National Socialist Party. It was to have many ups and downs; it was even suppressed altogether in 1923, after the Munich *Putsch*, which led to Hitler's banishment and Ludendorff's trial for high treason.

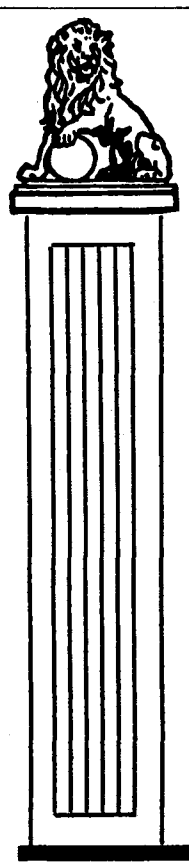
But it rose again; Hitler's domination, as Herr Heiden explains, gradually increased. It was he who called in assistants whose work developed the movement and in some respects changed the emphasis of its appeal; for example, Captain Göring, who established the link with Fascism, or Paul Goebbels, the expert propagandist, who brought the ill-assorted Nazi program within the comprehension of the populace, or Alfred Rosenberg, the fair-haired Baltic Prussian, who emphasized the foreign political aims of the Nazis, that Germany's future lay in Eastern Europe. Sometimes there were differences between the "Führer" and his lieutenants; these are recorded in Herr Heiden's narrative. But Hitler's personality eventually dominated. At least, as Herr Heiden admits, he showed millions of young Germans how to struggle and suffer and do violence in the cause of an ideal—a fantastic ideal, if one will, based on a false racial and economic theory, and accompanied with all kinds of intolerance, but an ideal, all the same. It is a form of Socialism, Herr Heiden concludes, which had been imposed on Germany; in the process the individual liberty which German Social Democracy and the so-called "Marxism" (a vague term in the Nazi vocabulary) always adcovated, has been destroyed. But Herr Heiden anticipates an eventual revival, although, writing a few months ago, he expresses his conviction that for a time every department of human life in Germany will be penetrated with Nazi-ism. Here at least he seems to have been a true prophet.

The Clearing House

(*Continued from preceding page*)

the World War. Can you refer me to any of his books or articles which give his reasons? His home town, Colfax, is just a few miles from Des Moines, and it would seem to us that the difference is so great that he would not be contented down there."

So far as we know, Mr. Hall, who is the most reticent of men concerning his own accomplishments or achievements, has written only incidentally of the reasons for his moving to Tahiti. He told us once, however, that his finding himself there was quite accidental. He and Charles Nordhoff, an ace like himself and his intimate friend throughout the war years, started off immediately after their demobilization to see something of the world and forget something of their recent experiences. They came finally to Tahiti, and entranced by its beauty decided to linger there for a time. They are still lingering; both of them married to natives of the island, and both still as much enamored of their South Seas paradise as in the beginning. For a long time their homes stood side by side, but quite recently, we understand, they have built houses in different parts of the island. Not to be interrupted in friendship, however, they meet regularly every day at a point half way between the two homes for work and conversation.



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INTELLECTUALLY marooned? Write Georgia Smith, 5452 Second, Detroit.

ACCORDING to Edwin C. Hill, Doctor Rosenbach, the New York book-seller, owns a library valued at $25,000,000.00. I fear that Mr. Hill underestimates. He does not know about the copy of "Faerie Queene," inscribed to Elizabeth Boyle. That brings the sum-total to $25,000,000.30. George Frisbee.

ECSTATIC split-seconds with love and beauty. Near—and "sheer"—magic quotations. $1.00 Wray's, 2220 4th, Detroit.

WANTED for the winter: Guest tenant couple for old stone farm house with all modern improvements. Seventy miles from New York, four miles from nearest town, no telephone. House and automobile to be kept in condition for owner's week-end use. Box 222.

LIBRARIAN, A.B., traveled, library and social work training; experienced in public to college libraries, desires niche somewhere. Box 223.

ARE THERE ANY PARENTS, Christian, who would appreciate placing one or two boys (7-10) in small select school at nominal rate this year? Unusual advantages. Box 224.

News from the States

What the SATURDAY REVIEW *most desires for this department is the pithy paragraph upon some significant matter, whether in relation to author's activities, bookselling activities and problems, the trend of reading in a particular territory, or allied matters. Booksellers' anecdotes will be welcomed. It is our aim to furnish a bird's-eye view of reading and writing America which will prove valuable both to our subscribers and to the book world at large. We hope that our subscribers will submit items from time to time.*

COLORADO

THERE will, writes *Heloise B. Hawkins,* soon be a generous new crop of Colorado novels, owing to the presence of *Margaret Widdemer* on the staff of the Writers' Conference at Colorado University this month, as instructor in novel writing. She was entertained by the Denver Woman's Press Club, the Colorado Poetry Society, and the American Association of University Women.

According to the organ of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, Colorado is outstanding in its Traveling Library work. From *Mrs. J. H. Hegarty,* via *Miss Hawkins,* comes a full and enthusiastic report. It is trite to say that in Colorado, one of the great-open-space states, the traveling library is more than a boon to isolated teachers, preachers, ranchers, and clubs without library privileges. It is thirty-five years old, and owes its existence to *A. M. Welles.* Its only way of advertising is by sage brush and columbine telegraph. Colorado has not yet acquired big auto delivery wagons for the enterprise, but still uses the railroad. Needless to say, the work is a treasure-trove of moving anecdotes; and it has unexpected by-products, such as "singin'-skewls."

Translations loom large in present book-activities here. *Lucie Lafort* has done *Willa Cather* into French; and may do *Bess Streeter Aldrich,* also *Josephine Trott* is converting into the same language, Colorado juveniles,—and verse to be used as prizes in European schools. The western stories of *Clem Yore* (known also as a poet) are being translated into Hungarian.

HAWAII

According to *Clifford Gessler,* Honolulu seems to have supplanted Majorca as the happy hunting ground for footloose writers. *John W. Vandercook* of New York, author of "Black Majesty," "Forty Stay In," and the just published "Murder in Trinidad," spent two weeks there this summer, with *Mrs. Vandercook,* sculptress, before proceeding to Fiji and New Guinea. *Mr. Vandercook* says if you want to see genuine primitive African life, don't go to Africa, but Guiana.

B. H. Lehman, author of "Wild Marriage" and "The Lordly Ones," has been giving a course of lectures on literature and drama at the summer session of the University of Hawaii. *Dr. Lehman,* who is a member of the faculty of the University of California, says Honolulu would be an ideal place for a school of creative writing. *Dr. Lehman* also brought word of a rising poetic talent on the Pacific coast, that of *Marie de L. Welch,* whose "Poems" will be published this fall.

Dr. Peng-chun Chang of Nankai university, Tientsin, is also a guest member of the U. of H. summer faculty. *Dr. Chang* gave a dinner lecture at Waikiki Lau Yee Chai July 26 on Chinese Poetry, bringing the subject up to contemporary times and reading in both Chinese and English from hitherto untranslated Chinese poets of our own period. He says the translations of the Chinese classic poets by *Arthur Waley* are thus far the best available. *Dr. Chang,* a graduate of Columbia University, became widely known in the United States a few years ago when he accompanied the actor *Mei Lan Fang* on his American tour and gave a course at the University of Chicago.

Friends in Honolulu report that *Idwal Jones,* author of "The Splendid Shilling," is on his way from New York to California by way of Panama and is considering a visit of several months to Honolulu, his wife's home town. Another prospective sojourner in Honolulu is *Myron Brinig* of Hollywood, whose "The Flutter of an Eyelid" is announced for the Fall.

Lincoln Ellsworth, explorer and author of "Our Polar Flight," "First Crossing of the Polar Sea," etc., spent a few days in Honolulu late in July on his way to the Antarctic. *Mrs. Ellsworth* accompanied him and will reside in New Zealand while he braves the perils of the frozen south.

Former Honolulu writers represented on fall publishing lists in New York include *Don Blanding,* with a book of verse, "Let Us Dream"; *Fannie Heaslip Lea* with a novel, "Summer People," and *Armstrong Sperry,* with a South Sea juvenile, "One Day with Manu."

At least one high-powered fiction manuscript will be taken back to New York from Honolulu by *Harry Snyder,* the ubiquitous publisher's representative. It is a study of three generations of a missionary family in Hawaii. Further details are withheld for the present, as are those of a new Honolulu book store which will be opened early in September by a former New York man.

NORTH CAROLINA

Mr. Waldeen H. White sends us an interesting report of *Dr. Archibald Henderson's* recent survey of North Carolina literature for the past twelve months, The Bernardian Boswell remarks that whereas a quarter of a century ago a half-dozen to a dozen volumes and brochures told the tale, and five hundred words were ample for review, today one must give consideration to sixty or seventy volumes, brochures, pamphlets, treatises, and three thousand words are inadequate for a few lines each.

Although the term "North Carolina literature" is to be interpreted comprehensively—included with North Carolinians are natives out of the State and writers not natives living in the State—and in part is "flatteringly euphemistic," a number of volumes are of real importance. In history and biography *Dr. Henderson* finds the record not unimposing. Among these, to mention but two examples, "History of the Lost State of Franklin" by *Samuel Cole Williams,* of Johnson City, Tennessee; "John Sevier: Pioneer of the Old Southwest" by *Dr. Carl S. Driver,* of Vanderbilt University. (Not to mention Dr. Henderson's compendious biography of Shaw.) In the field of economics and sociology are works by well-known authors; among these, *Ernest R. Groves* and *Gladys H. Groves,* coauthors of the popular and excellent seller, "Sex in Marriage," "a serious study not unrelieved by humor." In fiction, two names of distinction, *Paul Green* with "The Laughing Pioneer," previously mentioned in these columns, and *Gerald W. Johnson* with "Number Thirty-Six." Of these authors, *Dr. Henderson* prefers the one as dramatist, the other as biographer. There is also *Edwin Bjorkman's* translation of the famous Norwegian novel, "Two Living and One Dead" by *Sigurd Christiansen.*

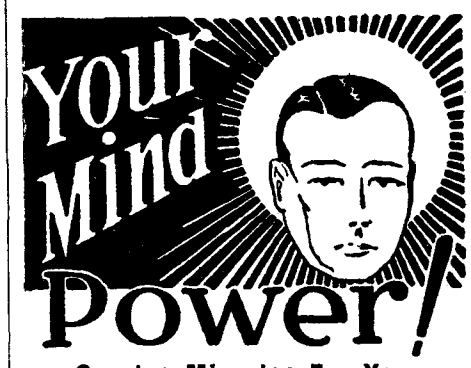
Mentioned as particularly arresting are the works, "Dante Gabriel Rossetti," containing an analytical list of manuscript in the Duke University Library, with hitherto unpublished verse and prose, edited by *Professor Paul Franklin Baum* of Duke University; and "New Orleans, Its Old Homes, Old Shops, and Public Buildings" with sketches by the author, *Nathaniel Cortlandt Curtis,* distinguished architect of New Orleans and a graduate of the University of North Carolina. The latter book, *Dr. Henderson* predicts, will rank high, in charm, in narrative, architectural, and historical interest, with the best accounts of American cities.

OHIO

Katharine Garford Thomas, who inadvertently started the recent librarian controversy, now settles it: "Evidently my statement which appeared in your columns recently was a bit confusing. May I state my point in a different way in the hope that it may be understood. *Miss Eastman* is directing the largest library in the country which has a woman at its head.

"I am glad to recognize the librarians of Minneapolis, Minn., Newark, N. J., and Portland, Oregon, as splendid women who are also administering good libraries.

"It may interest you to know that according to statistics published by the American Library Association, the Cleveland Public Library has the largest collection of books of any city in the country except New York City, and that its per capita circulation is larger than any of the other large cities including even New York."



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Late last fall, *The Saturday Review* inaugurated a Bookstore Department. The purpose of this department is to increase the effectiveness of *The Saturday Review* as a tool of the trade.

Preliminary activities of the Bookstore Department have been centered in New York, with certain definite results. Fifty-seven New York Stores find it profitable to carry *The Saturday Review.* Sales of *The Saturday Review* in these stores have increased over 50% in six months. Most of the shops are using The Gold Standard, our ingenious device for displaying *The Saturday Review* together with a current book.

Bookstores carrying *The Saturday Review* have found that it makes new friends and new customers for the bookseller. Our Bookstore Department is full of ideas for book merchandising opportunities. For information on how *The Saturday Review* can make more book sales for you, write to

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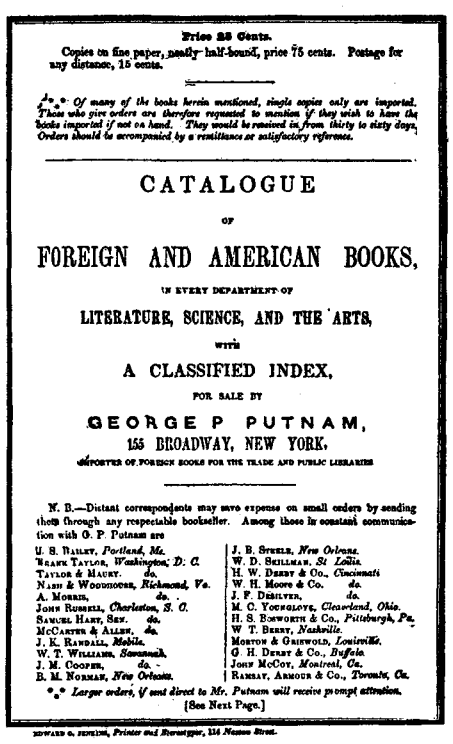
West 45th Street

By W. S. HALL

Whenever I have to get to Sixth Avenue from Fifth, I choose either 45th or 47th Street. Forty-seventh may be commented upon later; I don't recommend either passage-way for anyone in a hurry.

Marcus the jeweller, Jaeckel the furrier guard the west corners of 45th on Fifth. The single block is landlord to several notable tenants. Frigidaire, Daven-O beds, *The New Yorker, The Publishers' Weekly,* Lewis & Conger and, of course, *The Saturday Review of Literature.* (The Harvard Club acknowledges 45th Street by the presence of its broad rear end). But the most enticing doorway, the best windows are those of The Putnam Bookstore, No. 2. One simply has to stop.

In three more years Putnam's will celebrate its hundreth anniversary, with one-fourth of its century of biblio-progress spent on the present premises. The Putnam business was started in 1836 by George Palmer Putnam. Seven years earlier a "Boy Wanted" sign in the window of George W. Bleecker's tiny bookshop on Broadway near Maiden Lane had enticed him to apply. He got the job, with board and $25 a year. The money was, I suppose, for good behavior. While Mr. Putnam's original shingle pronounced him a publisher, it was not long before he began to sell books at retail. And here again I am indebted to a book catalogue for



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*** Of many of the books herein mentioned, single copies only are imported. Those who give orders are therefore requested to mention if they wish to have the books imported if not on hand. They would be received in from thirty to sixty days. Orders should be accompanied by a remittance or satisfactory reference.

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[See Next Page.]

EDWARD O. JENKINS, *Printer and Stereotyper*, 114 *Nassau Street.*

particulars. A most astounding catalogue for a young concern—236 quarto pages, 54 of which comprise the index, closely set in diamond type. The address is 155 Broadway, the date 1850. "Foreign and American Books in Every Department of Literature, Science and the Arts" is the title. The price 25 cents with "copies on fine paper, neatly half-bound, 75 cents." I couldn't resist peeking at, for instance under Melville (Herman)—"Typee," "Omoo" and "Mardi" at $1.00, $1.25 and $1.75 respectively. And Poe (E. A.)—"Tales," "The Raven," "Eureka" at 50, 50 and 75 cents.

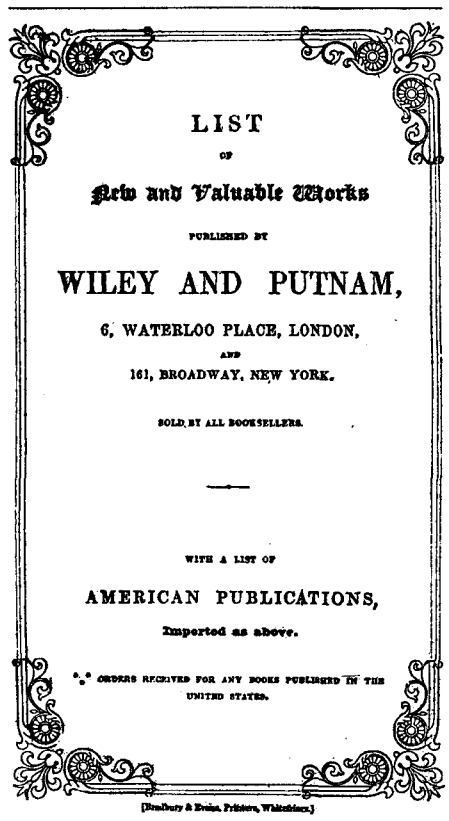
I am afraid space will not permit a chronological list of the Putnam stores. But I was shown also a catalogue of Wiley & Putnam, 6, Waterloo Place, London, and 161 Broadway, issued apparently in 1844. *Americana,* we'd call most of the titles listed, though they hardly thought of them as such. Peck's "Guide for Emigrants to the Western States of America" (Michigan, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, i. e.) 18 mo. 53; Riddell's "Monograph of the Silver Dollar, Good and Bad," New Orleans, 8 vo. 18s. The good old days evidently, when you could exhaust the dollar in a monograph (see weighty tomes on *Money* in this season's publisher's lists).

Some of the present employees have witnessed and contributed in no small degree to the progress of the store. Henry Giersberg came with Putnam's in 1894. Looking at Henry in a good light, this doesn't seem possible, especially when one recalls that a big part of this time was spent in battling with book-bearing salesmen.

Henry now has the old and rare books on the balcony. I noticed that books in this department are marked in plain figures. This was not the case when, on occasion, years ago I would wander into Putnam's hoping to find something marked less than its value. But I never could tell because even then they had a code—a cryptogram I could not decipher. Calling for assistance brought me, usually, more attention than I wanted. Which recalls the occasion when once I did call for help and got myself in a fine mess. For, being poorly directed to a door lacking a sign, I found myself in the wrong washroom and spent a harrowing ten minutes trying to get out, unobserved.

Mrs. McGillivray presides over the Juvenile Dept. (main floor east). She has catered to the book tastes of little tots who now come in to take advantage of her advice for children of their own.

The ownership of Putnam's Bookstore passed, on April 22nd of this year, into the hands of a corporation of which Frank L. Magel is president and Wm. C. Schwab vice-president. I don't know how many presidents a man can be at one time, but Frank Magel enjoys also that title as head of the American Booksellers' Association; at present he is much concerned with a code. The new proprietors have given the store a new lively look. The arrangement of sections and departments is, in a manner, scientific, so that one is apt to stroll, after one purchase, and make still another. The lending library is main floor rear; a circulating library occupies the basement. The pump which keeps circulation actual in this department consists of an outside force of fourteen young men. These couriers start out each morning with a bag full of books. They circu-



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late freely through the office buildings in their respective territories. They return, bags still full, but with exchange copies. Sounds enterprising.

As for enterprise, soon after the genial Frank Magel arrived at Putnam's (via Syndicate Trading Co.) he rounded up for entertainment and instruction—and sales—the etcher Levon West. West, with "Making an Etching," $2.50 net, at hand, actually did make and print an etching on the spot. I arrived just in time to see the last proof pulled.

There is one other department not apparent to visitors whose function is to keep book-buyers generally, and out of town ones especially—Putnam conscious. Mail order is worked, hard, and while the present lists don't look very Bruce Rogers, the prices provide the "pull."

So much for past and present. Under the guidance of Messrs. Magel and Schwab, expert conjugators of the new verb "to merchandise," the future is I think assured.

Trade Winds records with profound regret the death on August 31st of Mr. James F. Drake, distinguished dealer in first editions. Mr. Drake was for many years a leader in his chosen field; in our issue of August 12 Mr. W. S. Hall wrote an article about the new quarters of the Drake bookshop at 24 West 40th Street.

WHY

are armament plants flourishing in an otherwise stagnant economic world?

WHAT'S

the true story of Mr. Shearer, the American 'publicist,' who admitted to the League of Nations that he received $51,230 for 'professional services' at the Geneva Naval Conference of 1927?

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is the most energetic production of poison gas today to be found, strangely enough, in pacific America?

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any great city, in the next world war, be defended against air—and gas—attack?

WHAT'S

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